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"Who goes there?"—"Friends."—"Dismount, one friend, advance, and give the countersign."

THE PICKET GUARD IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 103.]

ONLY ONE MAN KILLED TO-DAY.

THERE are tears and sobs in the little brown house
On the hill-side slope to-day;
Though the sunlight gleams on the outer world
There the clouds drift cold and gray.
"Only one man killed," so the tidings read—
"Our loss was trifling: we triumphed," 'twas said—
And only here in the home on the hill
Did the words breathe aught but of triumph still.

They had watched and waited, had prayed and wept,
Those loving hearts by the cottage hearth,
And the hope was strong that their darling would walk
Unscathed and safe 'mid the battle's wrath.
They would gladly have shielded his life from ill,
But their trust was all in their Father's will;
They had felt so sure His love would save
The pride of their hearts from a soldier's grave.

Now His wisdom had ordered what most they feared,
And their hearts are crushed by the news to-day,
"Only one man killed"—so the telegram reads—
But for them life's beauty has passed away;
And all the glory and triumph gained
Seems a matter small to the woe blood-stained,
That in sorrowful strokes, like a tolling bell,
Throbs "Only one man killed," as a funeral knell.

"Only one man killed"—so we read full oft,
And rejoice that the loss on our side was small;
Forgetting meanwhile that some loving heart
Felt all the force of that murderous ball.
"Only one man killed," comes again and again:
One hero more 'mong the martyred slain:
"Only one man killed," carries sorrow for life
To those whose darlings fall in the strife.

STILL RIVER, MASS. A. M. L.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1863.

CHARLESTON.

BY the time this paper reaches its readers Charleston may, perhaps, attract more attention than any other point—except, perhaps, Vicksburg. For it is suspected that the rebels of South Carolina are going to have another opportunity of proving their devotion to the cause which has plunged this continent into the present bloody war.

At the time we write the great Southern expedition which has been assembling at Beaufort, North Carolina, must have started, and an army of 35,000 or 40,000 men, with a fleet of thirty to forty armed vessels, must be approaching—if they have not already reached—their destination. Of course no one knows whither they are bound. It may be Wilmington, or it may be Savannah, and it may be Charleston. Among the "sporting fraternity" odds are offered on Charleston; perhaps because there prevails so intense a wish to see that accursed city punished for the woes it has brought upon the country. The possession of Charleston would not only gratify a very general and natural desire on the part of the North, but the moral effect of its capture would be immense, and in a material point of view it would be important, as it would put an end to most of the contraband trade which is now carried on between the South and Nassau.

Charleston certainly seems anxious to invite attack. On 31st ult., as is stated in dispatches published on next page, the rebels, under Ingraham, made a very vigorous sortie from the port, and, if their accounts are to be believed, sunk one of our gun-boats—the *Mercedita*—and drove off the others. The rebel reporters and officers commanding assert that the blockade of the port was actually raised; though on the following day "at least twenty blockaders were off the bar again." Whether, in view of this latter fact, Charleston will gain much by the official proclamation of the reopening of the port seems at least doubtful. But there can be no doubt but the occurrence of the 31st, however the results may have been exaggerated or misrepresented by the rebels, will convince Admiral Dupont and General Hunter of the necessity of no longer delaying the long-threatened attack on the hot-bed of treason. It is in our power to take and destroy Charleston: we hope to be able to announce, before the end of the month, that we have done so.

THE FRENCH EMPEROR'S POLICY IN AMERICA.

A DISPATCH from the Emperor Napoleon to General Forey, commanding the French army in Mexico, has revived the alarms of those well-meaning but ignorant people who have all along expected France to interfere in our civil war, has prompted a Senator to move resolutions of inquiry into the purposes of the French, and has furnished the secession sympathizers of the North with fresh capital wherewith to distract the Northern mind and shake Northern credit. The papers are full of diatribes against Louis Napoleon, who is represented as being on the point of recognizing a confederacy based on the corner-stone of African slavery—an institution execrated by the French, and of menacing the North, the hereditary friend of France, her best customer, and her most reliable ally in the event of trouble between France and England.

We trust that the subscribers and readers of *Harper's Weekly* need no instruction from us to enable them to form a correct judgment on the subject.

The people of France, whose organ and executive is the Emperor Napoleon, are very different in temper and disposition from the English. Frenchmen, as a rule, never barter principle for gain. An Englishman will sell his most cherished dogma for an advance of one per cent. on his goods; they are, as Napoleon truly said, a nation of shop-keepers. Frenchmen, on the contrary, though flighty and idealists, are never sordid. History exhibits them constantly as sacrificing material gain for the sake of ideal notions. They will spend a thousand millions to free Italy, or establish liberal principles in France or Germany. But there is no instance on record where a single well-established principle of French policy was sacrificed, or even suspended for a time, for the sake of benefiting the operatives of Lyons, Rouen, St. Etienne, or Paris. This distinction between them and their British neighbors must ever be borne in mind by students of modern French policy. England, after emancipating the slaves in the British West Indies, and claiming the first rank among opponents of human slavery throughout the world, no sooner saw a prospect of a fine market for British manufactures in our Southern Slave States than she shifted her ground on the slave question, and the leading organs of British opinion devoted their energies to a justification of the system of slavery. Not so France. French writers have criticised our military operations with a severity which perhaps was not undeserved; but no Frenchman of any standing, no man of character or influence in Parisian society, has been base enough to depart from the traditionary anti-slavery principles of French policy, for the sake of securing the prospect of a market for French silks, wines, gloves, and jewelry in the kingdom of Jefferson Davis.

Vigorous efforts have been made by the British press to represent the Emperor Napoleon as the chief enemy of the restoration of the Union. These efforts have been seconded by correspondents of and contributors to American journals, who had doubtless excellent reasons for espousing the Anglo-Rebel view of the subject. Letter-writers from Paris for British and American journals have repeated at weekly or monthly intervals stereotyped lies about the Emperor's hostility to the United States; the more base and detestable their forgeries, the more they have persisted in them. The agent of the Associated Press of New York has done his best to give circulation to these British impositions upon American credulity. And now, in the face of all this lying, what are the facts?

For twelve months after the outbreak of the war the Emperor was never even suspected of being unfriendly to us. He was induced by the English—as we learn from the published volume of diplomatic correspondence—to concede to the rebels belligerent rights; when he discovered the construction which we placed upon the act, he caused Mr. Dayton to be told that he would have recalled it, but for his conviction that it would operate to the disadvantage of the insurgents and to our gain. A few months ago, he was informed by the individual who unfortunately represents him at Washington, that we were ready for a compromise or foreign intervention, and, with prompt candor, he tendered it. Accident prevented the measure from being consummated; but the official organ of the French Government has stated distinctly that it was not designed to operate against the United States in any way, or in favor of the rebels, and the highest official authority in France has borne testimony to the Emperor's desire that the Republic should be reunited under one Government.

By a trick similar to that which led the Emperor to concede belligerent rights to the rebels, the British Government beguiled him into the war against Mexico. It was a gigantic fraud. Napoleon was led to believe that the Mexicans would gladly welcome his troops as deliverers and restorers of peace and order. The British and Spaniards, who knew better, made their exit before the drama began. The French, less tricky and more consistent, having commenced the campaign, persevered in it. It has proved a blunder. The Mexicans have forgotten their internal feuds to unite against the common enemy; and it will need great outlay of money, men, and skill to extricate General Forey's army from its present perplexing predicament. From first to last the Emperor has been endeavoring to disabuse the Mexicans of the idea that he was their national enemy; and in his last letter to General Forey he endeavors to rouse their pride as a race, by talking about preserving the equilibrium between the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon races on this continent. Every one sees easily that this is mere clap-trap, and that the real object of the Emperor is not conquest, or hostility to the United States, but simply the conclusion of such a treaty with Mexico as may restore the old friendly relations between that republic and the French empire, and enable the French to withdraw from Mexico without sacrifice of honor.

In one word, the Emperor has said and done nothing as yet which fairly justifies the imputation that he is hostile to us or to the Union. On the contrary, he has done and said much which implies a friendly feeling and a desire to see the Union re-established. He has the misfortune of being represented at Washington by a man who is an ardent secessionist, and takes no pains to conceal it. And, like all powerful monarchs, he has at his court at the Tuileries men of base origin and corrupt instincts, who have proved readily accessible to the rebel emissaries, and have earned their hire by abusing us in semi-official journals. But no man, with all the facts before him, can honestly declare that the Emperor has been our enemy.

THE LOUNGER.

FOOTING UP AN ACCOUNT.

WHAT is the net result of the "Conservative" movement thus far? Its programme was a more constitutional method of suppressing the rebellion than that of the Administration. Are not the following points already established?

That the rebels hailed the movement with delight, reprinting the "Conservative" speeches, as indicative of returning reason on the part of the Yankees? What do they mean by "returning reason?"

That the rebels delighted in the "Conservative" triumphs at the polls?

That the election of "Conservative" Senators in Illinois, Indiana, and Pennsylvania is greeted by the Richmond *Examiner* as proof that the "Lincoln tyranny"—by which is meant the United States Government—can not prosecute the war with the support of a unanimous sentiment?

That the scenes in the Pennsylvania Legislature and in that of New York, which point straight at anarchy, are the action of the party professedly "Conservative?"

That the tone of the "Conservative" papers, in speaking of the duty of the soldiers in regard to the war order of the President concerning slavery, tends directly, and is intended, to excite mutiny and disaffection, and consequent disaster?

That, in fine, the "Conservative" reaction has organized an opposition to the Government, which takes the ground that its policy in the war is unconstitutional, and that good citizens ought not to support it; that upon that ground it has drawn party lines, so that at this moment the Government has lost much of that unity of sentiment without which success is delayed and endangered?

These things are known. There is but one answer. It is that the Government is no longer waging the war for the restoration of the Union, but for what is called Abolition. But the answer says what is not true. The President, as Commander-in-chief, has decreed the liberation of slaves, by the same power and for the same purpose that he decrees the movement of the army. Slavery exists among the rebels. It is a source of peculiar strength to them. By the plain command of common sense the Commander-in-chief is bound to weaken them in every warlike way he can. If the Constitution suffers him to deprive the rebel of the use of his arms, legs, or life, it certainly authorizes him to take from the same rebel the use of his slave. And, in aiming to do this, he must do it in the way most certain to secure the object. If there are loyal men among the holders, the President must assume their assent to his exercising a necessary and lawful power according to his discretion.

To say, therefore, that because of the proclamation the war is diverted from its object, is as foolish and untrue as to say that it is diverted because of the desolation of Virginia. The object of the war is the maintenance of the Government—and the desolation and emancipation are inevitable incidents of thorough warlike operations. The object of the "conservative reaction" is the restoration of a party to power, and to effect that object it exposes the Government to destruction.

If a man likes the supremacy of that party more than the supremacy of the Government—or if he hates the Republicans more than he hates the rebels, then under the name of "conservatism" he will continue to favor the course which Vallandigham, Fernando Wood, and Jefferson Davis applaud. But if he loves his country more than a party, order more than anarchy, peace more than war, he will support a Government which does not believe any thing to be unconstitutional which is necessary to save the Constitution; nor any thing truly dangerous to the liberty of any citizen which is essential to the guarantee of the liberty of all the people.

MR. WEED'S RETIREMENT.

MR. THURLOW WEED has retired from active public life. By his withdrawal one of the shrewdest political managers in our history disappears. His valedictory address to his friends in the columns of the *Evening Journal*, which he has edited for thirty-two years, is simple, genial, and pathetic. He retires at a moment of the greatest public peril, because he no longer agrees with the party which he has so long served, and because he does not wish to embarrass by constant opposition the policy of an Administration which he helped bring into power. Yet he makes no new party ties, nor is it likely he ever will. His old political friends are still "my party;" and while he can not think them wise, he wishes them God-speed as he says farewell.

The simplicity and frankness of his valedictory disarm criticism. His retirement establishes at least the earnest sincerity of his later course. That that course tended to the very result which he so stringently deprecated seems clear enough to us, but does not affect our estimate of his honest conviction. Party vehemence has pursued him with bitter calumny. But he will doubtless see in that very vehemence a tribute to the power he was felt to wield. When the threat of rebellion ripened into war, it was not strange that men of the same general political sympathy differed upon points of policy. The same principles of human nature that create parties divide them; and each division believes that its own policy is essential to success. It is a pity, but it is unavoidable, that personal accusation and acerbity should mingle in discussions which might be entirely impersonal. Mr. Weed has not been spared, neither has he spared, in such acrimonious contests. His retirement is therefore the more magnanimous.

With winning personal traits that no party asperity denies—with comfort secured by long service in his profession—with the agreeable consciousness, to a man ambitious of the substance rather than the show of power, that he has played a more influential part in the political history of this State during the last dozen years than any other man—with the kindest regard of his associates and friends—Mr. Weed turns away from the great arena of public affairs. But, like Sir William Temple, who retired to his garden and library in the dark days of the revolutionary period in England, but came forth again when summoned by his country, so Mr. Weed holds himself ready to serve, when he can, his country and his friends, while, "so far as all things personal are concerned," his work is done.

THE INEVITABLE QUESTION.

THE question that every body has seen from the beginning of the war must be answered has at last been asked. Shall there be colored soldiers? It is a question upon which there need be no loss of temper. If a man says that he is willing to see the Government lost rather than maintained by such allies, he must answer the question whether, then, he cares enough for the Government to fight for it. He must then answer the other question, why it is not as shameful to save the Government by bribing men by enormous bounties to be soldiers, while men who have the most vital interest in the success of the war are ready to fight. If saving the Government is a matter of pride and not of principle, and the most earnest conviction of the necessity of its salvation, that pride may be gratified in any whimsical way. It may be more agreeable to it to have the work done by grenadiers six feet high, whose regulation weight shall be a hundred and ninety pounds. Or it may gratify pride to have it accomplished only by men whose ancestors came over two generations since. Or by the Anglo-Saxon blood merely; or by the Celtic, or by the Teutonic, or by volunteers who fight for the love of it, and who scorn bounty.

Indeed, if you make your point of honor any thing short of the salvation of the Government and nation, by all fair warlike means and at all costs, you have already virtually relinquished the contest.

The Government is waging a fierce war with a wicked rebellion. It wants all the soldiers it can muster. If it rejects a good fighting man because he is a Spaniard, or a Scotchman, or a Frenchman, or an Irishman, it is guilty of utter folly. If it rejects a good fighter because he has every reason to fight to the death rather than surrender—because victory is a palpable, tangible, incalculable advantage to him—because he is native to the soil and acclimated to the region of the war, and because he has proved himself the most faithful ally, and is by habit and training the most docile of soldiers, then the Government is mad.

Now the people are really the Government, and, right or wrong, you say that they are bitterly prejudiced against the colored ally. Yes; but suppose that party-leaders stopped appealing to that prejudice, and that a colored regiment should rout in the field a South Carolina regiment—just by way of poetic justice. Do you think that, if the people is really earnest in its resolution to destroy the rebellion, its prejudice would stand against that? Not unless patriotism and honor are extinct in its heart.

The common sense of the matter is very simple. For many years it has been considered an unanswerable argument in the great question to say: "It may be unjust to deprive these men of personal liberty for no crime but color, but we must take things as they are. What can we do with them if they are emancipated? Passion is a stronger impulse with a slaveholder than interest; and as he now gratifies his anger by maiming his property, he would then indulge his fury by starving rather than turning to hire his late slave. What will you do with the facts of the case?"

Granting that the facts are as stated, we have reached a point in the rebellion when, as an expedient of war, that is made possible which was not so in peace. Emancipation is declared. The exigency demands and therefore justifies it. The late slaves know that our lines are the lines of liberty. Thus hundreds of thousands of able-bodied men are made dependent upon the guidance of the Government, which requires, and will long require, a large military force. The men so dependent are trained to obedience. They are by nature docile and brave. They have every thing to fight for, and they know it. The war has the same desperate earnestness to them that it has to their late masters. One side fights for property: the other for life and liberty.

Is not the solution providential? Do we absolutely insist upon rejecting such soldiers because of some absurd theory of occiput and shin-bones? They are not of the same race. True; and neither are the French and the Irish; but we do not reject them; we are heartily grateful to get them. Here is a letter, lately in our possession, from one of the privates in the first South Carolina Volunteers. He was lately a slave. The letter is written in a shapely hand. Scarcely a word is misspelled. It is an intelligent and self-respecting man who writes, and he says that of course he and his friends must fight, because there is no hope for them if taken.

Let it be left to men like Vallandigham and Cox and Wickliffe to envenom a prejudice that a nation may be destroyed.

"A TALK WITH MY PUPILS."

IN many a happy household all over the land one of the clearest and pleasantest points of memory is the quiet little town of Lenox among the solemn Berkshire hills. It was there for many years that Mrs. Charles Sedgwick had her school for girls; and now that she has relinquished its

charge her heart yearns toward all her scholars, both maid and matron, and she has written, under the name of "A Talk with my Pupils," a truly admirable volume of simple, sensible, thoughtful, and friendly suggestions for the life of women.

Mrs. Sedgwick's great experience and practical wisdom enable her to appreciate perfectly the proper scope of such a work, and she has made herself, in her book, the friend of many more than her pupils. In fact, she keeps in its pages the most delightful school for all of us, old grizzled Loungers of both sexes, as well as the tender and docile youth around us. The book is a charming Family Manual. It understands the value of the little things which make the great differences in life, and is so a home philosophy of good morals and manners. It is as gently didactic as such a work can be, and its discourse is so enlivened by anecdotes drawn from experience that it runs no risk of rejection as a dry ethical essay; while it is so penetrated with human sympathy as the true secret of really fine manners that it will not be mistaken for a treatise upon etiquette.

Doubtless, as its pages are read in those many happy homes by the husband and father, he will no longer wonder why the solemn Berkshire hills are so pleasantly remembered, while he will gladly acknowledge, what is so often forgotten, the tender, sagacious, thoughtful influence which, in moulding the girl, modeled the wife and mother.

A SHORT LETTER TO JOHN.

My dear John,—As we parted you said that if any more arbitrary arrests were made, the State of New York would be redder with blood than ever Virginia was. Now you are a sensible man, and we can therefore talk together as partisans could not.

By arbitrary arrests you mean the suspension of the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*. That the power of suspension is granted by the Constitution you will not deny. That, in the absence of Congress, it may be necessary to suspend it, in certain cases, you will agree. That the proper person to do it is the President you will allow. That, if Congress justifies him in the suspension, the only powers that hold the right are satisfied you must concede. Then you say that the State of New York is not in rebellion, nor is it invaded, and therefore the writ can not be suspended here. The reply is, that the writ is not suspended generally in the State, but that the privilege of certain citizens of the United States resident here, to the writ, is suspended on the just ground of national necessity.

Neither you nor any man who is anxious that the Government of the United States shall prevail at every hazard has felt his rights in danger from any arbitrary exercise of power. That that exercise has been always discreet no man will affirm; but that such power must exist he will not deny. Nor will he contend that the complaint of its exercise during this war has been founded upon an honest fear of the overthrow of the guarantees of liberty; for we all know that the complaint has been merely a party cry.

When James Second sent Jeffreys butchering through the west of England the English people justly complained of the peril of their rights. But when William Third suspended the writ of *habeas corpus*, in the recess of Parliament, the same people thanked him for defending their liberties. No English historian denies that the Parliament in the struggle with Charles First exceeded the constitutional limits of its power. The Parliament itself did not deny it. For the question of the rebellion was whether the King should destroy the Constitution, or whether the Parliament should assume powers to save the Constitution. The result was that the British Constitution was unconstitutionally saved. Fortunately our President is not obliged to transcend his constitutional powers to save the Government, and he has not transcended them. But if he had, and the people saw that the step was honestly taken and meant to save the nation, they would not fail to applaud and indemnify him.

This rebellion is an effort to overthrow by force the Government of the United States. That Government is recreant if, under the war power which would be implied if it were not expressed in the Constitution, it does not use every means, including emancipation, to conquer the rebels. But the Government can not take any course which the people do not approve. If, therefore, the people do not approve the emancipation order, suspension of the privilege of the writ in any case, or they are not willing to take those steps to secure victory, and if, because of their opposition, they destroy the earnest national purpose of success, they directly conspire for national ruin. In other words, they are resigned to their own destruction. When you and other grave, moderate men see that the party malignity which calls itself "conservatism" has brought you to the brink of the dilemma of anarchy, or the faithful support of the most radical war measures for the national existence and civil order, you will regret that you had not earlier seen the alternative. Let us hope, dear John, that it will not then be too late. Your dutiful

Lounger.

BURNSIDE.

From the first appearance of General Burnside in this war as Colonel of the First Rhode Island Regiment and Acting Brigadier at Bull Run, through his brilliant Carolina campaign, to his withdrawal from the Army of the Potomac, his career has been so manly, so simple, and so heroic, that no General has awakened a more affectionate regard in the popular heart. He has held himself aloof from all cliques of designing men speculating upon the possibility of using him as a Presidential candidate. There has been no question of his bravery, his energy, and his celerity in the field, qualities essential to an invading army. Upon the loftiness, purity, and earnestness of purpose no suspicion has been breathed. He has issued no foolish addresses. In the hour of reverse he has neither thrown the blame upon the Government nor suffered others to do so, but cheerfully assumed all the responsibility that must necessarily belong to the Genera in command; in every position bearing himself as the most modest and loyal citizen, the daring and skillful soldier, and the frank and generous man.

In the wild vortex of contemporary events it is impossible to know the exact or even relative truth. We are compelled to see much that we can not explain, and which vehement partisan speculations do not help to elucidate. It is, however, an accepted law that in war every General must be judged by his success. For the want of that success, although it may show no want of essential power, but be merely the consequence of uncontrollable circumstances, Frémont, M'Clellan, M'Dowell, Pope, and Burnside have disappeared from the stage of war. Political intrigues keep M'Clellan in a publicity which it would be unkind to suppose that he desires. Fortunately for their usefulness no such intrigues have as yet formed about the other Generals.

Whether or not General Burnside takes another command or remains withdrawn for the present from the public eye, the public heart will follow him with admiration, sympathy, and gratitude. His are the qualities of which the noblest citizens and the purest men are made: which, if shared by every General in the service, would soon end distraction, intrigue, and jealousy, and give us the victory.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A man being asked, as he lay sunning himself on the grass, what was the height of his ambition, replied, "To marry a rich widow with a bad cough."

"When the sky falls we shall catch larks," said an old gentleman, quoting a well-known proverb. "Certainly," said a wag beside him; "but in my opinion our young men have no need to wait for that event; they have too many 'larks' already."

And so Forth.—There is a young man in the United States army, who was born July 4, at 4 o'clock p.m., at No. 44, in a street in Boston, 1844, a 4th child, has 4 names, enlisted into the Newton company, which has joined the 4th battalion, 44th regiment, 4th company, and on the 4th of September was appointed 4th corporal, and is now gone *forth* to defend his country.

If all the world were pudding,
And all the sea were sauce,
And all the trees were almonds, stuck
Around it and across;
If such a change should happen,
Why—then beyond all question—
Oh! deary me! there just would be
A lot of indigestion!

When a man is indisposed with the *gout*, it makes him indisposed to *go-out*.

"I'll let you off easy this time," as the horse said when he threw his rider into the mud.

Your wife can not have been too dearly won, if you and she are dearly one.

Parties at a dead lock should extricate themselves with a skeleton key.

Dryden says, that, "If a straw can tickle a man, it is to him an instrument of happiness." Tickle his nose with it and see.

The man who was hemmed in by a crowd has been troubled with a stitch in his side ever since.

The man who took every body's eye must have a lot of them.

In navigating the sea of life, carefully avoid the breakers—"especially the heart-breakers," says old Growler.

At a woman's convention, a gentleman remarked that a woman was the most wicked thing in creation. "Sir," was the indignant reply of one of the ladies, "woman was made from man, and if one rib is so wicked, what must the whole body be?"

Scared Individual, dodging Infuriated Bull behind a Tree. "You ungrateful beast, you! You wouldn't toss a consistent vegetarian, who never ate beef in his life, would you? Is that the return you make?"

Dean Swift said of an apothecary, that his business was to pour drugs, *of which he knew but little*, into a body, of which *he knew less*.

To keep water from coming in—*Don't pay the water-rate.*

The first ingredient in conversation is *truth*, the next *good sense*, the third *good-humor*, and the fourth *wit*.

Interesting to "Parties in Difficulties."—Every six hours out of the twenty-four is *quarter day*.

The earth is exceedingly dirty, but the sea is very *tidy*.

A Mormon Definition.—A spare rib—A second wife.

The best adhesive label you can put on luggage is to stick to it yourself.

When is a vessel smaller than a bonnet?—When she's *cap-sized*. (The author has since had his head shaved.)

Iron-ical Mem.—An "old file" is preferable to an "old screw."

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why would a sixth sense be a bore?
Because it would be a nuisance (new sense).

It's pretty, it's useful in various ways,
Though by it men often shorten their days;
Take one letter from it, and then 'twill appear
What young men are fond of every day in the year;
Take two letters from it, and then without doubt
You will be what remains if you can't find it out.
Glass—lass—ass.

Why is a nail far in like an old man?
Because it is infirm (in firm).

What regiment was Adam in?
The Buffs.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Wednesday, January 28, in the Senate, the Post-Office Committee reported back the bill establishing a postal money order system, with a recommendation that it do not pass. Senator Clark, of New Hampshire, offered a preamble reciting the turbulent acts of Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, on 27th, and a resolution that he be expelled from the Senate. The resolution was laid over under the rules. A resolution was adopted instructing the Military Committee to inquire into the propriety of extending such relief as circumstances may require, and inquire into the case of Mr. Thomas, known as "Zarvona, the French lady," of Maryland, now a prisoner of war at Fort Lafayette, and who, as represented, has been confined in a dungeon of that fortress since June last, and is now hopelessly insane by reason of his sufferings. The President was requested to transmit to the Senate all orders issued by the Secretaries of War and Treasury in regard to a general prohibition to export arms and munitions from the United States to the Mexican Republic, and any orders relative to the exportation of articles contraband of war for the use of the French army. The bill making appropriations for pensions for invalid soldiers was passed. The Army Appropriation bill was also passed. The Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill was discussed, and after an executive session the Senate adjourned. ——In the House, the question of arming the negroes was brought up on a motion to refer the bills authorizing the employment of black soldiers to the Committee on Military Affairs. The opposition attempted to defeat the bills, and thereupon commenced a series of parliamentary manœuvres on both sides, which continued until two o'clock in the morning, without any result as regards the legislation of the House.

On Thursday, 29th, in the Senate, Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, made an apology for his recent violent and disorderly conduct, and the resolution expelling him from the Senate was for the time withdrawn. The resolution concerning Commodore Vanderbilt, Commodore Van Brunt, and others, for alleged negligence in reference to the vessels of the Banks expedition was discussed, but no vote taken. The bill appropriating money to aid in the emancipation of the slaves in Missouri was taken up, and debated until the adjournment.——The House was engaged in debating the bill for arming negroes.

On Friday, 30th, in the Senate, a communication from the President, recommending a vote of thanks to Commodore David R. Porter, for his gallantry in the affair at Arkansas Post, was referred to the Naval Committee. The resolution censuring the parties engaged in fitting out the vessels of the Banks expedition was discussed for some time and then laid aside. The new Senator from Illinois, Hon. W. A. Richardson, was qualified and took his seat. The debate on the proposition to furnish pecuniary aid for the emancipation of slaves in Missouri was then resumed, and finally, on motion of Senator Harris, the bill was recommitted to the Judiciary Committee. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a joint resolution for the appointment of Commissioners to revise and codify the laws was reported, as was also a bill to prevent collisions at sea. A bill making appropriations for fortifications was reported by the Ways and Means Committee. A resolution was adopted that the General-in-Chief inform the House whether paroles have been granted to any rebel officers captured by the army of the United States since the proclamation of Jefferson Davis refusing paroles or exchanges to captured Union officers. The remainder of the session was devoted to debate on the bill authorizing the employment of negroes as soldiers.

On Saturday, 31st, in the Senate, the Naval Committee reported back the joint resolution tendering the thanks of Congress to Commander John L. Worden for good conduct in the conflict between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*. The resolution was adopted. The same committee reported back the joint resolution tendering the thanks of Congress to Commodores James L. Lardner, Charles H. Davis, J. H. Dahlgren, Stephen C. Rowan, David D. Porter, and S. H. Stringham, with an amendment striking out the name of Commodore Lardner, not for any thing derogatory to him, but because of the rule to give no thanks except to one in command of an expedition or having a separate command. The amendment was agreed to and the resolution adopted. The bill to encourage enlistments, and providing for enrolling and drafting the militia, was reported back by the Military Committee. The resolution calling for information relative to the exportation of arms, etc., to Mexico for the use of the French was adopted. The Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill was passed. The Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation bill was then taken up and discussed until the adjournment.——The session of the House was taken up with debate on the bill authorizing the organization of negroes as soldiers.

On Monday, February 2, in the Senate, a communication was received from the President of the Smithsonian Institution, suggesting that George E. Badger, of North Carolina, ought no longer to be a member of the Board of Regents, as he had not attended any of the meetings, and was, moreover, in the rebel army. The petition of Madison Y. Johnson was presented, setting forth that he was arrested in August last by order of the Secretary of War, and imprisoned until the 13th of September, and that no reason was ever assigned for the arrest or discharge. Senator Richardson moved for a select committee to inquire into the facts, but the petition was laid on the table by a vote of 22 against 16. The Judiciary Committee reported back the bill granting pecuniary aid to Missouri in emancipating slaves. The Paymaster General was directed to inform the Senate what payments, if any, were made to the army up to the 31st of August, and, if none were made, what was the reason for such non-payment. The bill making appropriations for executive, legislative, and judicial expenses was passed, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Senate's amendments to the Army Appropriation bill, with the exception of $5000 for the survey of the Minnesota River and the Red River of the North, were concurred in. The Senate's amendments to the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill were also concurred in. The Senate bill amendatory of the act for the collection of direct taxes in insurrectionary districts was passed. The debate on the bill authorizing the President to employ negroes as soldiers was then resumed. After an animated discussion the bill was passed by a vote of 85 against 55, and the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, 3d, in the Senate, the credentials of Hon. Reverdy Johnson, Senator elect from Maryland, were presented. The Post-office Appropriation bill was passed. The bill to establish a national currency secured by United States stocks was postponed for one week. A bill stopping the pay of unemployed army officers was introduced and referred to the Military Committee. Senator M'Dougall moved to take up his resolutions relative to the French invasion of Mexico. Senator Sumner, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, opposed the proposition; but the motion was agreed to by a vote of 29 against 16. Senator M'Dougall then addressed the Senate at considerable length on the subject. Senator Sumner also spoke, and concluded his remarks by moving to lay the resolutions on the table. Without coming to a vote the Senate went into executive session, and subsequently adjourned.——In the House, the Committee on Elections reported favorably on the credentials of Messrs. Flanders and Halm, members from the First and Second districts of Louisiana. The Bankrupt bill was then taken up, and, after some explanation, Mr. Kellogg, of Illinois, moved to lay it on the table, which was agreed to by a vote of 60 against 53. The Military Committee reported back the bill providing for the enlargement of the New York and Michigan and Illinois canals, with amendments, and the subject was referred to the Committee of the Whole. A bill was reported authorizing the construction of a submarine telegraph from Fort M'Henry to Galveston, touching at various points on the coast. A motion to lay the bill on the table was lost by a vote of 46 against 68, and pending the question on its passage the House adjourned.

A SALLY FROM CHARLESTON.

A dispatch to the Richmond *Inquirer*, dated Charleston, January 31, says:

This morning the gun-boats *Palmetto State*, Captain Rutledge, and *Chicora*, Captain Tucker, accompanied by three small steamers—the *General Clinch*, *Etiwan*, and *Chesterfield*—all under the command of Commodore Ingraham, made an attack on the blockaders, and succeeded in sinking two and crippling a third.

The engagement commenced at 4 o'clock.

The *Palmetto State*, with Commodore Ingraham on board, opened fire upon the Federal gun-boat *Mercedita*, carrying 11 guns and 158 men, which was soon sunk in five fathoms of water. Her commander, Captain Stellwagen, with a boat's crew, came on board and surrendered. One shot pierced her boiler, going clear through. Captain Stellwagen and crew were paroled by Commodore Ingraham.

Captain Tucker, of the *Chicora*, reports sinking another Federal gun-boat and the disabling of the steamship *Quaker City*. The latter was set on fire by the *Chicora*, and hauled down her flag to surrender, but afterward managed to escape, using only one wheel. She was very seriously damaged.

The number of the blockading fleet outside at the time of the attack was thirteen, with two first-class frigates, the *Susquehanna* and *Canandaigua*.

The Federal loss was very severe. It was a complete success on our part, with not a man hurt.

Our gun-boats were not even struck.

All the blockaders have disappeared. There is not one to be seen within five miles with the strongest kind of glasses. Our boats are now returning to Charleston.

The following is the official dispatch:

On board Gun-boat "Palmetto State."

I went out last night. This vessel struck the *Mercedita*, when she sent a boat on board and surrendered. The officers and crew were paroled. Captain Tucker thinks he sunk one vessel and set another on fire, when she struck her flag. The blockading fleet had gone to southward and eastward out of sight.

D. N. Ingraham,
Flag-Officer Commanding.

REOPENING OF THE PORT OF CHARLESTON.

The following proclamation was forthwith published:

OFFICIAL PROCLAMATION.

Head-quarters, Land and Naval Forces,
Charleston, S. C., Jan. 31, 1863.

At about five o'clock this morning the Confederate States naval force on this station attacked the United States blockading fleet off the harbor of the city of Charleston, and sunk, dispersed, or drove off and out of sight for the time the entire hostile fleet.

Therefore we, the undersigned, commanders respectively of the Confederate States naval and land forces in this quarter, do hereby formally declare the blockade by the United States of the said city of Charleston, South Carolina, to be raised by a superior force of the Confederate States from and after this 31st day of January, a.d., 1863.

G. T. Beauregard,
General-Commanding.
D. N. Ingraham,
Flag-Officer commanding Naval Forces in South Carolina.

Official: Thomas Jourdan, Chief of Staff.

A Charleston dispatch, dated 1st February, says:

Yesterday afternoon General Beauregard placed a steamer at the disposal of the foreign consuls to see for themselves that no blockade existed.

The French and Spanish Consuls, accompanied by General Ripley, accepted the invitation. The British Consul, with the Commander of the British war steamer *Petrel*, had previously gone five miles beyond the usual anchorage of the blockaders and could see nothing of them with glasses.

Late in the evening four blockaders reappeared, keeping far out. This evening a large number of blockaders are in sight, but keep steam up, evidently ready to run.

THE PROSPECT AT VICKSBURG.

A special dispatch from Cairo says that information has been received that General M'Clernand's forces have landed on the Louisiana side of the Mississippi River, five miles below the mouth of the Yazoo, and in full view of the city of Vicksburg. Two brigades were engaged when the informant left in opening the famous "cut off" of General Williams, which is to make Vicksburg no longer a river city. General Grant has left Memphis for below with one division. The river was quite full at Vicksburg at last accounts. The rebels are evidently posted as to our movements, for the Petersburg *Express* of the 26th, says, in a dispatch from Vicksburg: "We have trust-worthy intelligence from above that the great Yankee flotilla, consisting of sixty gun-boats and transports, has passed Greenville, Mississippi, coming down. We are ready."

THE "MONTAUK" AT WORK.

The iron-clad *Montauk* seems to have had a fight with the rebel battery *M'Allister*, in the Ogeechee River, under cover of which the *Nashville* is lying. No reliable accounts of the affair have come to hand. The Richmond and Savannah papers say that the *Montauk* came up to the fort in fine style, and that she was the only boat engaged. Their shell and shot were broken to pieces as they struck her sides, but her turret was so badly injured that she had to haul off. The other in the mean time remained below a bend of the river, entirely out of the action. On the other hand, the Navy Department received a dispatch on 3d from Fortress Monroe, stating that there is no truth in the report that the *Montauk* was disabled; that Commander Worden lay under the enemy's guns for four hours, and that their shot had no more effect upon his vessel than hailstones.

A FIGHT ON THE BLACKWATER.

General Corcoran had a brilliant action with the rebel chief, Roger A. Pryor, on the night of the 29th, and completely defeated him. The conflict took place at a point ten miles from Suffolk, and the battle opened by an artillery duel by moonlight. After two hours' firing the rebel artillery began to slacken, when General Corcoran ordered a charge of his infantry and cavalry. The enemy fell back before our troops for two miles, and there made another stand, and the fight was continued for over seven hours. General Corcoran had a narrow escape from a shell which burst directly in front of him. Our loss was about one hundred and four.

CAPTURE OF AN ANGLO-REBEL STEAMER.

It is stated, upon the authority of the Richmond *Whig*, that the British steamer *Princess Royal* was surrounded and captured by a fleet of Union gun-boats while attempting to run the blockade into Charleston, on Thursday, with a valuable cargo from Halifax. She had on board 600 barrels of powder, 2 Armstrong guns, a large lot of machinery, 880 bales of sheet-iron, 1 steam bakery, 144 bales of hardware, 95 cases of boots, 229 bags of coffee, 500 boxes of tin, and other valuables. A party of English workmen, skilled in the manufacture of projectiles, were captured with the vessel.

GENERAL BANKS AT NEW ORLEANS.

Major-General Banks is still in New Orleans. He has reiterated General Butler's order taxing certain rebel merchants for the support of the poor; has cautioned the public against offering insults to the soldiers, and in several acts has indicated a vigorous administration. Jacob Barker has appealed to him several times for permission to revive the *Advocate*, but General Banks, it is said, will not permit the publication of that rebel sheet again.

THE REBEL FINANCES.

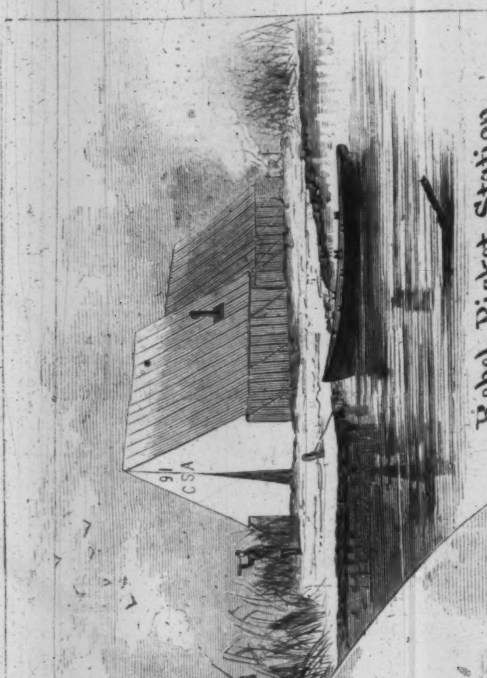
The report of the rebel Secretary of the Treasury shows the condition of the enemy's finances. The receipts for the year 1862 were $457,855,704, and the expenditures $416,971,735, leaving a balance of over $41,000. The expenses for the War Department was $340,000,000, and for the Navy $20,000,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

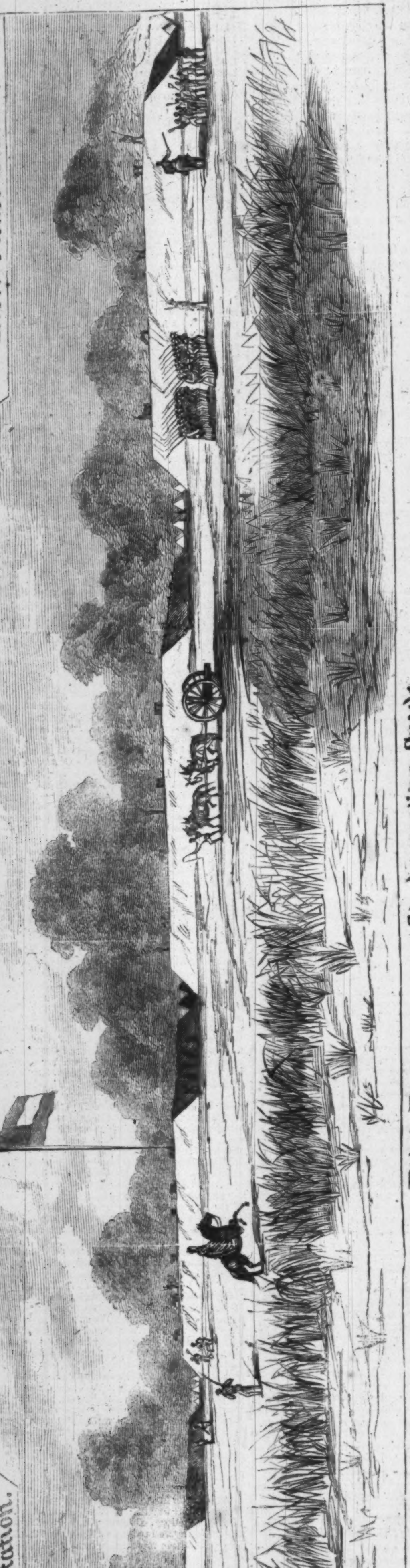
THE EMPEROR'S VIEWS OF THE MEXICAN QUESTION.

A letter has been transmitted by the Emperor Napoleon to General Forey, Commander-in-Chief of the French army in Mexico, in which his Majesty explains very freely and fully the objects and scope of the expedition to that country, both present and prospective. This most significant document has been officially submitted to the French Legislature. In it the Emperor says: "In the present state of the civilization of the world the prosperity of America is not a matter of indifference to Europe, for it is she who feeds our manufactories and gives life to our commerce. We have an interest in this—that the republic of the United States be powerful and prosperous; but we have none in this—that she should seize possession of all the Mexican Gulf, dominate from thence the Antilles, as well as South America, and be the sole dispenser of the products of the New World."



Rebel Picket Station.

Block-house & Signal Station.



Rebel Batteries near St. Augustine Creek.

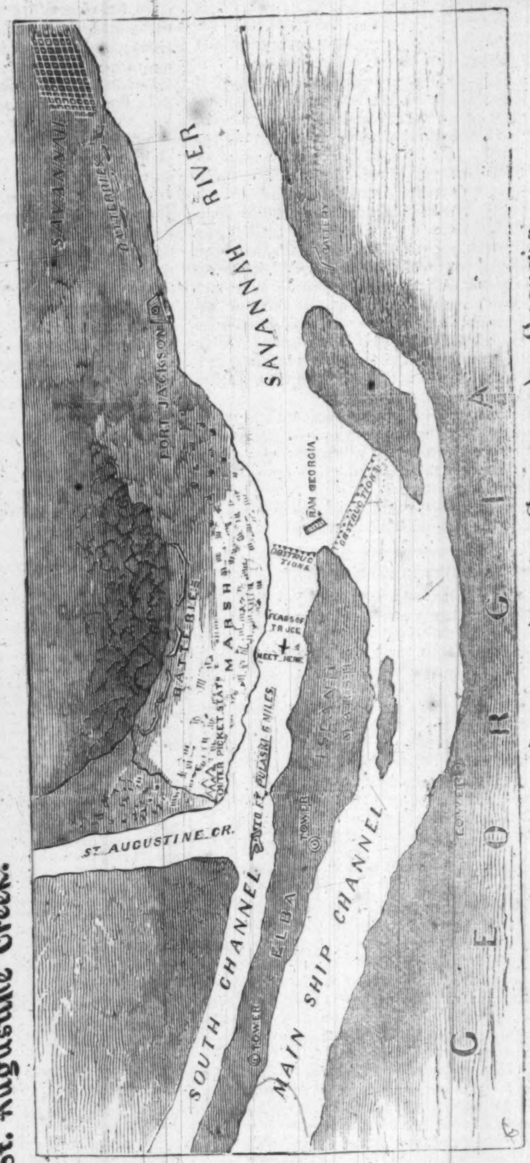
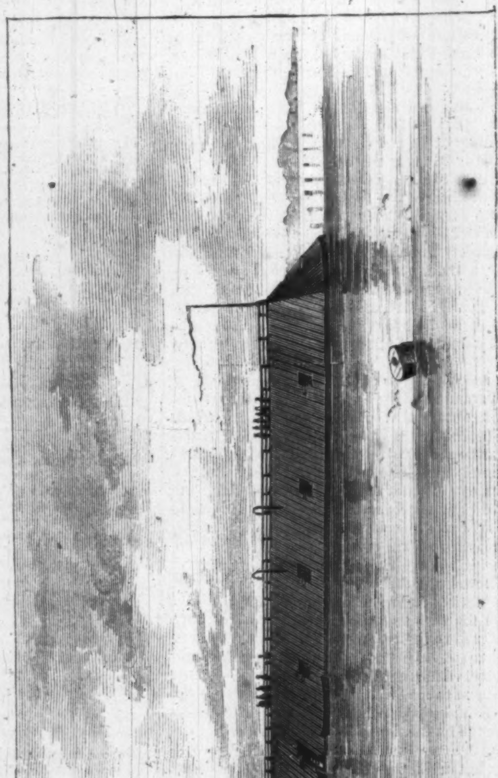


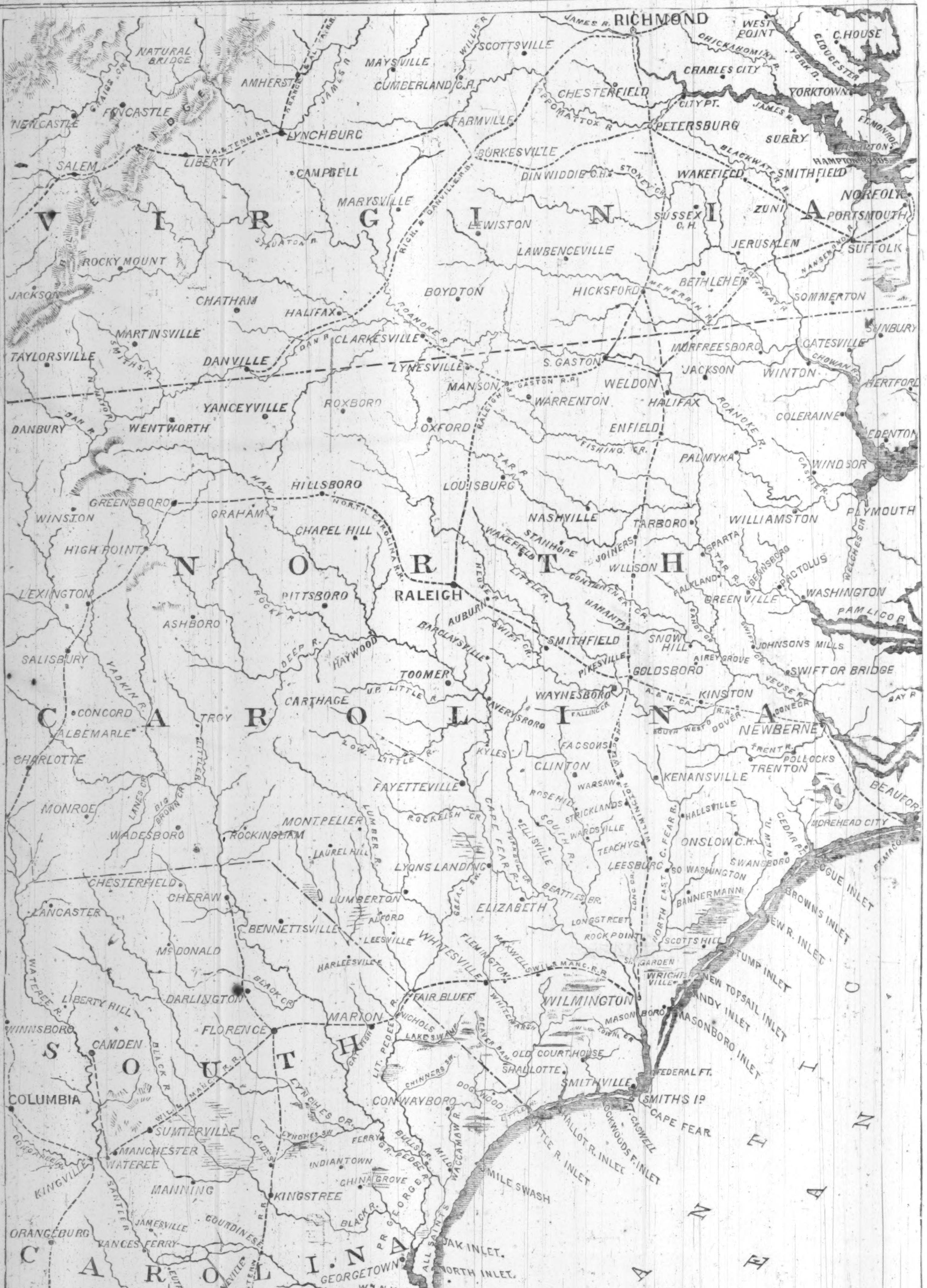
Chart of the Approaches to Savannah, Georgia.



The Rebel Iron-clad "Georgia."

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, AND ITS APPROACHES.—From Sketches by Mr. Loomis.—[See Page 103.]

THE FIGHT AT CORNEY'S BRIDGE, BAYOU TECHE, LOUISIANA, AND DESTRUCTION OF THE REBEL GUN-BOAT "COTTON," JANUARY 14, 1863.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 103.]



MAP OF THE SEA-BOARD FROM FORTRESS MONROE TO CHARLESTON, SHOWING THE FIELD OF OPERATIONS OF THE NEW SOUTHERN EXPEDITION.

THE BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO.

An occasional correspondent, Mr. Hübner, of the Third Ohio Volunteers, has sent us the picture of the BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO, which we reproduce on page 108. It represents the situation of affairs on the third day of the battle, and we give Mr. Hübner's description in his own words:

"The accompanying sketch represents the position of the centre of the army on the third day of the battle. The batteries were situated on commanding ground; across the plain ran a rifle-pit. The slightest elevation of the ground was used to protect our boys from the heavy fire out of the woods. The rebels made several fierce attacks, but were repulsed with heavy loss.

"Colonel Loomis's battery and Captain Terrill's United States battery opened a cross-fire on them, and the enemy soon retreated back into the woods, where they had strong intrenchments, leaving behind a good number killed and wounded.

"The Nineteenth Regiment Illinois Volunteers made a rush upon the Twenty-sixth rebel Regiment of Tennessee, drove them back with great loss, and captured their flag, on which was the motto, 'Death before Subjugation!' The gallant Captain Taylor, a member of Major-General Rousseau's staff, bore it away amidst the cheers of thousands and thousands of brave men.

"The boys suffered terribly on account of the inclemency of the weather. A cold rain fell, and when not in action we had to lie down, often in the mud, in order to be concealed from the rebel batteries. The boys built small fires and crowded around them, not minding the cannon-balls or bursting shells which came in volleys from the rebel batteries. *A favorite stratagem of our gallant and beloved commander, Major-General Rosecrans, is to make us lie down under the crest of an elevation of the ground, and await the arrival of the enemy until they come within a short distance, then jump up, give them a volley and charge with the bayonet; and 'tis true enough, if carried out with precision and boldness, it leads to victory.*

"Our rations run short too, and there was no chance of a fresh supply. So many of our soldier boys attacked the fresh-killed horses which lay around. A thin slice of horse roasted on a stick, with pepper and salt on it, is a delicious meal when nothing else is to be had."

RECAPTURED.

A STORY OF ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

A SUMMER twilight under the green awning of low-branched linden-trees—clove-pinks blossoming in the garden borders, like chalices of spice—and stars just trembling into the warm violet sky—if Clinton Audley had lived to be a hundre[illegible] years old, he never would have forgotten the [illegible] indistinct beauty of the dusky landscape. No[illegible] all that happened on that summer night was [illegible]ed upon his heart in lines that Death itself [illegible] no power to efface!

"Not yet, Clara; do not speak so fir[illegible]. Remember that it is my life's doom y[illegible] are pronouncing. Oh, Clara! think again[illegible]"

He had led his men up to the [illegible]y cannon's mouth without a thought of fea[illegible] now he was a coward in the presence of tha[illegible]ender blue-eyed girl!

"It is useless," said Clara Mervyn, with cheek whose color never varied, and firm, pitying eyes; "my answer would be the same did I take a whole year for deliberation. I am *very* sorry, Clinton; but—"

"Nay," interposed Audley, with a cold, constrained voice that scarce hid the angry emotions in his heart, "do not waste your pity on me. The matter is unfortunate as far as I am concerned; but I can not see why *you* should grieve. I have been a mad fool, that is all. Good-evening, Clara!"

He lifted his light military cap and was gone; and Clara Mervyn sat down on the rustic garden seat and had a good cry! Surely it was not her fault that Clinton Audley was so foolish—he might have known she didn't care for him.

While the young officer, restlessly pacing to and fro, thought of the dark-eyed soldier whose head he had supported at Manassas while the life bubbled from his breast in red surging drops—thought of his last words, "It isn't for myself; but Mary's heart will break when she hears of it!"—oh why could he not have died in that boy's stead? There was no heart to break for *him!*

"The idle dream is ended!" he said, aloud; "and now for the realities of life. We shall never meet again."

Could he but have looked forward to the time when they two *should* meet again!

"Only my right hand, doctor? Pooh! never mind; there's many a poor fellow worse off than I am!"

"A very philosophical view to take of matters," said the surgeon, half smiling, "but at the same time an unusual one. Hold still half a minute, can't you?"

"Well, what does it matter after all? I've neither wife nor sweet-heart to fret about my disfigurements."

"But I suppose you expect to come into possession of one or both of those articles some day?"

"Can't say that I do. There, I'm comfortable enough now. I say, though, doctor!"

"Well?"

"Could you persuade that fat old nurse to get a pair of shoes that squeak in a minor key? Every sick man has his trials, and mine are those calf-skin shoes. Possibly I'm nervous, but I can't help it!"

The surgeon laughed good-humoredly.

"Don't annoy yourself on that score; there will be a change of nurses to-night, and I do not think the shoe-question will trouble you further. Try to sleep a while now!"

Clinton Audley closed his eyes, and strove to forget the sharp spasms of pain that racked his poor wounded frame, while the fire shone ruddily on the walls, faintly illumining the long rows of narrow white beds on either side, and the gray dusk blackened into night, and—

"I must have been asleep!" he thought, with a sudden start, as the little clock chimed eleven. "Yes, I must; but who on earth is that? Oh, the new nurse, I suppose. *She* don't wear calf-skin shoes, at all events—moves like a shadow!"

For like a shadow she had glided to his bedside.

"I think your draught was to be taken at eleven, Sir!" and she glanced at her written directions.

And as Clinton Audley silently extended his left hand for the slender vial, he knew that the "new nurse" was Clara Mervyn. She recognized him at the same instant—there was a slight start, but neither spoke.

Fate had brought them together once again!

The January snows melted away from the purple Maryland hills, and February's blue heaven smiled overhead. Spring was nigh at hand, yet the lost roses had not blossomed again on Clara Mervyn's cheek.

"Don't overwork yourself, Miss Mervyn," said the kindly surgeon; "there's no earthly occasion for it. They are all doing well, except that young Audley!"

The color rushed in a scarlet torrent to Clara's cheek, then receded, leaving it cold as marble.

"Will he die, Sir?"

"Die? oh no! not the least danger of his dying. What I meant to say was, that his recovery is slow. Never knew such a lagging convalescence. A fine young fellow that—very. We surgeons are commonly supposed to have no feelings, Miss Clara; but I can tell you it went to my heart to take that boy's hand off. However—but bless me, it's nearly noon. Be sure you take care of yourself, Miss Mervyn!" and away hurried Dr. Wilde, who never knew what it was to have a moment's leisure!

Clara was left alone, her head drooping on her breast. The next instant she rose up and looked at her own slender right hand with a shuddering, sobbing sigh.

"Oh, if I could have given *my* useless hand to save his!" she moaned. "If I had but the right to cheer and comfort him! Ah me! what can a woman do but endure!"

Clara was learning a hard lesson in life's saddest school—to suffer and be silent.

"Miss Mervyn!"

She started at the words. He had never called her "Clara" since their parting under the linden-trees.

"Are you very busy to-night?"

"Not particularly so; why do you ask?"

"Then come and sit beside my pillow for a little while. I feel conversational just now."

She obeyed silently.

"Are you better this evening, Lieutenant Audley?"

"I think so. The red, glorious sunset has done me good. Did you know that this was St. Valentine's Eve?"

"The 13th of February—so it is!"

"Do you believe in the goodly offices of St. Valentine, Miss Mervyn? I assure you *my* faith is limitless in the patron saint of lovers!"

Clara smiled as she remembered all the time-worn "valentines" she kept under lock and key at home.

"I confess to a little superstition on the subject," she said, coloring, for she felt that Clinton's eyes were fixed on her downcast lashes.

"Very well, then; you won't consider me mawkishly sentimental if I ask you to be so kind as to act as my right hand for once."

"I should be *so* glad. But how—"

"Will you write a St. Valentine's love-letter for me?"

"Certainly."

"Stop, though! Answer me one question first, frankly and fully. Do you think it would be a piece of presumptuous folly in me to ask a woman's love to bless a maimed, useless wretch like me? Nay, do not spare my feelings. I wish to hear the *truth.*"

Clara Mervyn was silent for a moment; and when she spoke it was in a distinct, though very low tone.

"If the woman you love be worthy of the name, you will be far dearer to her now than ever you were in the prime of health and strength."

"You have taken a great weight from my heart, Miss Mervyn; and now will you assume the *rôle* of amanuensis?"

Writing a love-letter for Clinton Audley to another woman—it was a strange duty—yet Clara Mervyn went through with it with a sort of mechanical calmness, heedless of the sore heart that ached so bitterly in her breast, while every word seemed the knell of a death-warrant. It was the bitterest cup she had drunk yet—a cup that *must* be swallowed to the dregs!

"Thank you, Miss Mervyn. I won't trouble you to direct it. Ah, if I were but certain that St. Valentine would speed my suit!"

He smiled; but it would have been difficult to tell which was paler—the cheek that lay against the pillows of the hospital pallet, or that shaded by Clara Mervyn's brown tresses!

She gave him the folded letter, with its earnest words of pleading, and then went away to her own room; for, fortunately, the "night-watch," as it was called, had been confided to another. And only the quiet stars saw the convulsive bursts of grief that shook her frame ere at last she sobbed herself to sleep, her flushed cheek lying on her drenched hair, and the lips quivering even in her dreams!

How gloriously the crimson banners of St. Valentine's dawn were draped along the sky when at length she opened her eyes—how radiantly the morning lighted up those blue, far-off hills! Unconsciously her lips formed themselves into a smile, and then—ah, *then* the old pangs of heartache came back to her!

She was nearly dressed before her eyes fell upon a tiny bunch of violets, dew-sprinkled and fragrant, that lay on her toilet-table—she caught it up with an exclamation of delight, and a note fell from its blue heart—a note directed in a strange, straggling hand.

"Some hospital directions," she murmured, and, smiling at Dr. Wilde's eccentricities, she unfolded the paper.

"Great Heaven! can it be possible?" she faltered, as she recognized her own handwriting. "Did he mean to ask *me* to become his wife? Oh, it is too much, too much happiness!"

She clasped her hands over her eyes for a moment, then sank to her knees beside the little white bed, half uncertain whether it were not all a dream.

Five minutes later Clinton Audley held out his left hand to the blushing little nurse who had stolen softly to his bedside.

"Well?" he asked, scanning her face smilingly.

"Oh, Clinton, I am so happy!"

And then she burst into tears: it was well that there were not many patients in the convalescent ward!

"Are you really captured, my little, shy, tremulous bird?" he whispered.

"Nay," said Clara, shaking back her curls with a spice of the old mischief, "it is you who are recaptured, brave soldier though you deem yourself!"

"And had you no suspicion of the destination of that valentine?"

"If I had known it would have spared me a great many tears. But oh, Clinton, I think I shall never shed any but happy tears again!"

With the radiant dawn of St. Valentine's Day had risen the morning-star of Clara Mervyn's life and love!

SAVANNAH.

ONE of our special artists, Mr. Loomis, has sent us the sketches of the APPROACHES TO SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, which we reproduce on page 100. It seems that our forces in Fort Pulaski have taken pains to inform themselves pretty thoroughly of the nature of the rebel defenses, so that when the time comes for an assault there shall be no more Big Bethel blunders. We hold the mouth of the river, Fort Pulaski, the two channels on either side of Elba Island, and St. Augustine Creek. The rebel advance is at the junction of that creek with the river. There they have erected some pretty substantial earth-works, mounted with heavy guns in barbette. And on a line with these, in the river, is a row of obstructions consisting of piles firmly driven into the bed of the river, and secured together with chains. Behind these floats the iron-clad *Georgia*, formerly the British steamer *Fingal*, a vessel of no mean power, though not very well adapted, we should judge, to cope with our Monitors. It will be seen that the rebels have not been idle in taking measures for their protection. There will be all the more glory for our brave soldiers and sailors when they take the place.

THE BATTLE IN BAYOU TECHE.

OUR attentive New Orleans correspondent sends us a sketch—which we reproduce on page 101—of the BATTLE OF CORNEY'S BRIDGE, in Bayou Teche, Louisiana, fought by General Weitzel on 14th January. He had gone up the bayou to destroy a rebel boat called the *Cotton*. The *Times* correspondent thus describes the affair:

Early on Wednesday morning, at 6 A.M., the *Diana*, Captain Goodwin, was ordered to go down the bayou to Lynch's Point, to take the Eighth Vermont across to the left or northern bank, in order for a flank movement on the enemy. At 7 the *Calhoun*, Commodore Buchanan, *Kinsman*, Captain Wiggin, and *Estrella*, Captain Cook, commenced moving slowly up the bayou, and at 8 o'clock reached the formidable obstruction. This was at a place called Corney's Bridge, from a man of that name owning a plantation there. Nothing but the piles of the old bridge remain, protruding about three or four feet above water, and against these the rebels had sunk an old steamer, filled with brick, and placed all manner of rubbish—making it impossible at that time either for the *Cotton* to come down to us or for us to get at her.

At this time, about 8.45, an artillery duel commenced between our gun-boats and the gun-boat *Cotton* and the rebel batteries. The firing continued for some time without any manifest difference to either party. A few desultory rifle-shots had been fired at us from the shore.

Suddenly the *Kinsman* felt something explode under her; it was a torpedo, and her stern was violently lifted in the air, but fortunately with no damage, as was afterward found. An aid of General Weitzel came galloping up to tell the *Kinsman* of another torpedo being planted right ahead, a contraband, escaped from the *Cotton*, having brought the intelligence. Owing to this, and one of her guns being disabled—so the *Kinsman's* officers all assured me—she was cautiously dropping back, after warning both the *Estrella* and *Calhoun* of what had been told her.

Commodore Buchanan, either not hearing or not heeding the information, at once steamed up right ahead of both the *Estrella* and the *Kinsman*, and personally seized the post of danger. It was now about 10 o'clock, when the rebels, from behind their concealed rifle-pits, poured forth a most murderous volley upon our men; and the *Cotton* coming down to attack our batteries, the fight became severe and general.

The gallant Buchanan was one of the first to fall. He was standing forward, spy-glass in hand, a motionless target for the deadly missiles of the hidden enemy. W. D. Brown, Acting Chief Engineer, who was near him at the time, having received a spent ball in the thigh, the Commodore said: "Ah! you've got it." The very next moment a ball struck Buchanan in the right cheek, immediately below the temple, passing through to the opposite side. He exclaimed, "My God!" and fell back dead. Some say this gallant officer was rash on this occasion, and threw away his loved and valued life; perhaps so, but it was a rashness which will endear his heroic name forever.

To show how terribly murderous was the position in which our boats were placed, it is only necessary to state that at this point the bayou was so narrow that the *Calhoun* in turning had her bow and stern aground.

While this was going on our land-forces were by no means idle. The Eighth Vermont, as soon as they had been brought across from Lynch's Point in the *Diana*, at once attacked the rebels in the rear of their rifle-pits; and during a brisk and sharp engagement killed several, took forty prisoners, and put the rest to flight, their cannon leading the way. But for this sudden and gallant assistance from the Eighth Vermont, there can be little doubt that the *Calhoun* would have been lost, from the impetuosity with which the rebels were firing upon her.

In the mean time, no less efficient aid was being given by other portions of our troops. Three batteries—the First Maine, Lieutenant Bradbury; one section of the Fourth Massachusetts, under Lieutenant Briggs, and Captain W. W. Carruth's Sixth Massachusetts—had gone round by the woods, from Patersonville to a point above the *Cotton*, where they could successfully play upon her; and in this they were assisted by some of the One Hundred and Sixtieth New York, and 60 sharp-shooters of the Seventy-fifth New York, who played havoc among the crew of the rebel gun-boat, which was one of those enormous Mississippi steamers, protected by cotton wherever possible, and clad in iron.

Thrice did this ungainly monster retire up the bayou, from the effect of the deadly iron hail poured into her, and thrice did she desperately come up to renew the contest. She came once too often, however; for, after having had her men nearly cleaned out of her, the last time she made her appearance—which was at 2 o'clock next morning—she was floating in solitary glory down the bayou, one sheet of flame.

The game being over, and the ostensible object of the expedition accomplished, our gun-boats and land-forces returned in perfect order and good spirits.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S CAMP.

WE publish on page 109 a picture of STONEWALL JACKSON IN CAMP, from a sketch by Mr. Vizetelly, the artist of the London *Illustrated News*, who has cast his lot among the rebels. This sketch was made some weeks since, and was sent from Secessia in the vessel which was lately captured off Charleston. All the documents found on board were transmitted to Admiral Dupont. Some of them, such as the correspondence between Benjamin and the rebel agents in Europe, have been published in the papers. What became of Mr. Vizetelly's drawings we can not tell; but the one we reproduce was kindly traced for us, by permission of the Admiral, and thus sees the light—rather unexpectedly to its author—in our columns.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

WE reproduce on pages 97, 104, and 105, two of Mr. Waud's sketches. One of them illustrates the fruitless attempt of the Army of the Potomac to move toward the Rappahannock on 20th January—or, in the coarser language of the rebels, "BURNSIDE'S ARMY STUCK IN THE MUD;" and the other, the NIGHT-PATROL MAKING HIS ROUNDS. The latter picture explains itself, and needs no description. By way of explanation of the former we append the following graphic account from the correspondence of the *Times:*

It was a wild Walpurgus night, such as Goethe paints in the "Faust" while the demons held revel in the forest of the Brocken. All hopes that it would be a "mere shower" were presently blasted. It was evident we were in for a regular northeaster, and among the roughest of that rough type. Yet was there hard work done that fearful night. One hundred and fifty pieces of artillery were to be planted in the position selected for them by General Hunt, Chief of Artillery—a man of rare energy and of a high order of professional skill. The pontoons, also, were drawn down nearer toward the river, but it was dreadful work; the roads under the influence of the rain were becoming shocking; and by daylight, when the boats should all have been on the banks, ready to slide down into the water, but fifteen had been gotten up—not enough for one bridge, and five were wanted!

The night operations had not escaped the attention of the wary rebels. Early in the morning a signal-gun was fired opposite the ford, reminding one of that other signal-gun fired by them on the morning of Thursday the 11th December, when we began laying the pontoon opposite Fredericksburg, and which was the token for the concentration of the whole force at that point. It was indispensable that we should secure all the advantages of a *surprise;* and though our intention was thus blown to their ears early on Wednesday morning, we were, nevertheless, forty-eight hours ahead of them, and with favorable conditions should have been able to carry our position before they could possibly concentrate.

Accordingly a desperate effort was made by the Commanding General to get ready the bridges. It was obvious, however, that, even if completed, it would be impossible for us, in the then condition of the ground, to get a single piece of artillery up the opposite declivity. It would be necessary to rely wholly upon the infantry—indeed, wholly on the bayonet. Happily, if the rebels should prove to be in strong force, the country is too thickly wooded to admit of much generalship, and it was hoped that our superior weight of metal would carry the day.

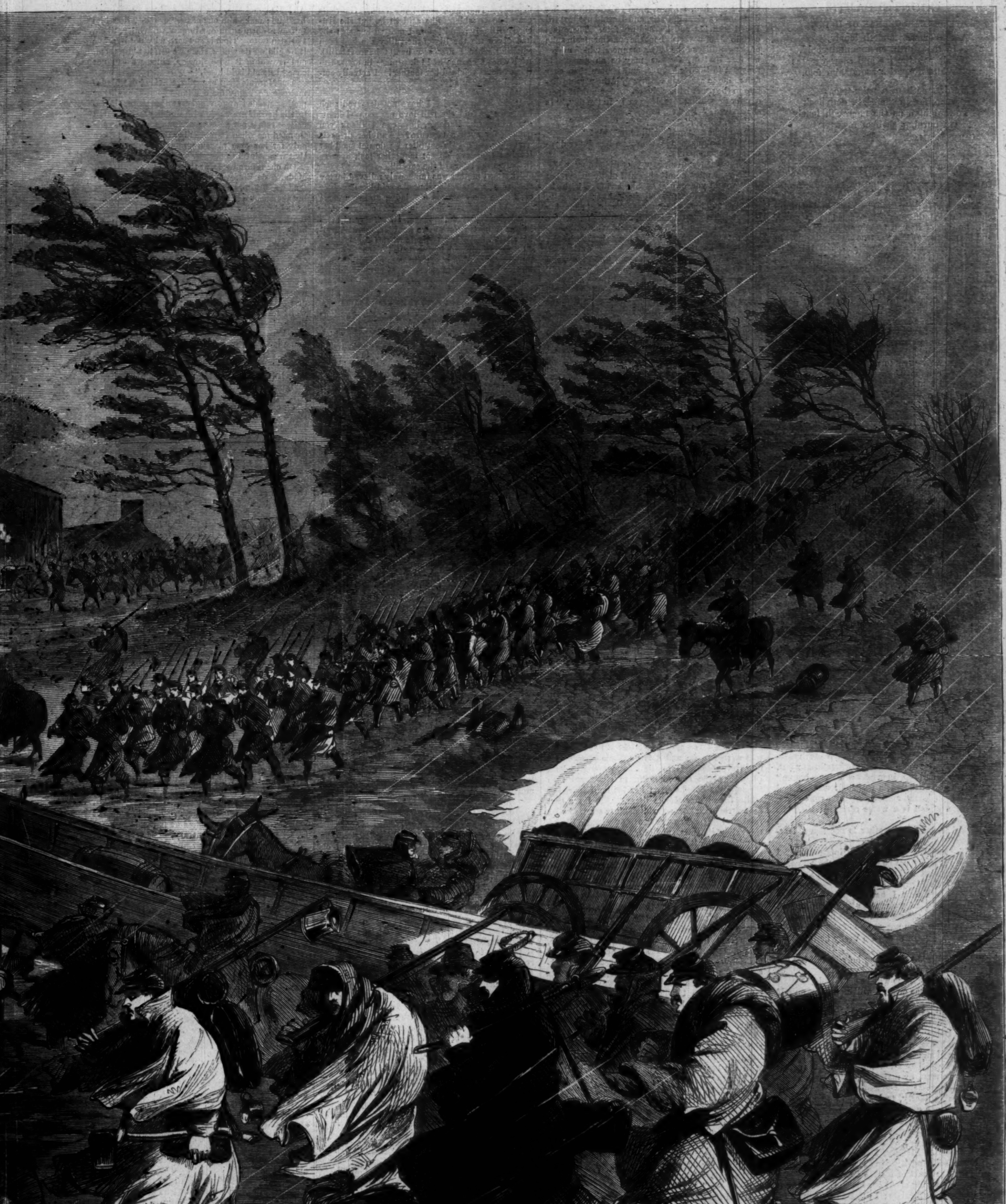
Early in the forenoon I rode up to the head-quarters of Generals Hooker and Franklin, about two miles from Banks's Ford. The night's rain had made deplorable havoc with the roads. The nature of the upper geologic deposits of this region affords unequaled elements for bad roads. The sand makes the soil pliable, the clay makes it sticky, and the two together form a road out of which, when it rains, the bottom drops, but which is at the same time so tenacious that extrication from its clutch is all but impossible.

The utmost effort was put forth to get pontoons enough into position to construct a bridge or two. Double and triple teams of horses and mules were harnessed to each pontoon-boat. It was in vain. Long, powerful ropes were then attached to the teams, and a hundred and fifty men were put to the task on each boat. The effort was but little more successful. They would flounder through the mire for a few feet—the gang of Liliputians with their huge-ribbed Gulliver—and then give up breathless. Night arrived, but the pontoons could not be got up. The rebels had discovered what was up, and the pickets on the opposite bank called over to ours that they "would come over to-morrow and help us build the bridge."

That night the troops again bivouacked in the same position in the woods they had held the night before. You can imagine it must have been a desperate experience—and yet not by any means as bad as might be supposed. The men were in the woods, which afforded them some shelter from the wind and rain, and gave them a comparatively dry bottom to sleep on. Many had brought their shelter-tents; and making a flooring of spruce, hemlock, or cedar boughs, and lighting huge camp fires, they enjoyed themselves as well as the circumstances would permit. On the following morning a whisky ration, provided by the judicious forethought of General Burnside, was on hand for them.

Thursday morning saw the light struggling through an opaque envelop of mist, and dawned upon another day of storm and rain. It was a curious sight presented by the army as we rode over the ground, miles in extent, occupied by it. One might fancy some new geologic cataclysm had o'ertaken the world; and that he saw around him the elemental wrecks left by another Deluge. An indescribable chaos of pontoons, wagons, and artillery encumbered the road down to the river—supply-wagons upset by the road-side—artillery "stalled" in the mud—ammunition trains mired by the way. Horses and mules dropped down dead, exhausted with the effort to move their loads through the hideous medium. A hundred and fifty dead animals, many of them buried in the liquid muck, were counted in the course of a morning's ride. And the muddle was still further increased by the bad arrangements—or rather the failure to execute the arrangements that had been made. It was designed that Franklin's column should advance by one road and Hooker's by another. But, by mistake, a portion of the troops of the Left Grand Division debouched into the road assigned to the centre, and cutting in between two divisions of one of Hooker's corps, threw every thing into confusion. In consequence, the woods and roads have for the past two days been filled with stragglers, though very many of them were *involuntary* stragglers, and were evidently honestly seeking to rejoin their regiments. It was now no longer a question of how to go on: it was a question of how to get back.

FRUITLESS ATTEMPT OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC TO MOVE TOWARD THE R



E RAPPAHANNOCK ON 20TH JANUARY, 1863.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 103.]

Gl War

COUNTERPARTS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

A PINE-TREE standeth lonely,
In the North, on mountain cold.
He sleeps; the ice and snow-wreaths
White draperies round him fold.

He dreameth of a palm-tree,
Who, far in the East, doth look
Toward him, as she mourneth lonely
On burning shelf of rock.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS. L. H.

THE **** IN THE CLOSET.

PASSAGES EXTRACTED FROM THE JOURNAL OF THE BARON DELAUNAY.

3d June, 1770: *Paris.*—The Vicomte de Grandchamps called this morning—splendid as usual, with buttons of Roman mosaic on his velvet coat, and his point-lace *jabot* the true coffee-color now in vogue. What an age of pretension it is! The dandy conceals his own fine hair beneath a hideous crop of the barber's invention. The ladies cover their fair skins with rouge and little patches of black; the graceful play of their limbs is thwarted by some artificial device to swell out their petticoats and nip in their waists—even the pearly whiteness of their lace must be dyed in coffee to give it a look of age! How preposterous shall we appear to future ages, when a more enlightened education and a higher tone of morality shall enable society to return to nature, consequently to beauty! I can fancy how the students of the next century will contrast the costume of our ladies—their petticoats tucked up to display their legs, attractively set off by colored and embroidered stockings; their litle feet distorted by high-heeled shoes; their painted cheeks, their false hair, their little shadeless hats—with the long flowing robes indicating the graceful limbs without displaying them, the chaste wimple, the modest veil of the middle ages. I can fancy what lesson they will deduct from these outward signs, and how they will understand only from pictures the reverential devotion of the knights of Saint Louis's time for their noble ladies, and the familiar, lewd gallantry of the reign of Louis XV. To return to the Vicomte who suggested this digression. He entered, and threw himself indolently down on the easiest of my armchairs, stretching out his legs the better to admire their exquisite proportions.

"Is it true," he asked, "that you are on the eve of giving up your liberty?"

"My liberty? what is that?"

"Ah!" he replied, with a little laugh, stroking his calves the while, "very good; what is his liberty?—cynical as usual. Do not we bachelors come and go at will, order our own dinner, pursue our own pleasure, form our own little acquaintances, not to shock you with tenderer names, invite our own friends to our own banquets? Once married, *mon cher*, some one else rules all that; you may pay the cost—that will be your share of the fun. It is true you may have separate establishments, but that is expensive, and no particular good."

"All that may be the case in your ménage, Vicomte," I replied, "but I assure you it will not be so in mine. Time only can prove how much marriage may increase or diminish my happiness; but, decidedly, I shall remain master of my own house."

"Then you will live in perpetual warfare, and we shall soon see the marks of nails on your grave, sober face. That is a worse condition than the other."

"Neither one nor the other is necessary, I assure you."

"Ah, poor Delaunay, what an infatuation! I had hoped it might not be true, when the fellows at the fencing-court told me you had asked the hand of Gabrielle de Vigny of her parents."

"It is true that I have made proposals to the parents of Mademoiselle de Vigny," I replied, with a stress on the *mademoiselle* he had so rudely omitted; "but I am not so sure of obtaining it."

"You don't mean to say De Vigny hesitated?—the hypocrite!"

"Not at all, but the young lady herself has not seen me; she is still in her convent."

"And you think she will be consulted?"

"I am sure she will; I will not force myself upon any one."

"Ah, well, girls are all alike! she will say yes, glad enough to leave school and be Madame la Baronne Delaunay, with a handsome husband, a handsome house, and a handsome fortune. And then she will amuse herself. Poor things, they are so caged up!—they know nothing but restraint; whereas we men, by marrying, either lose our liberty, or—"

"Valuable liberty, truly! We do as we like, because no one cares what we do; stop out late, because no one at home is longing for us; form silly friendships, because there is no one to fill up the blank in our heart."

"Our *heart!* Really, Delaunay, conversation with you is like reposing in a shady arbor! Fancy a man of the court of his Most Christian Majesty Louis XV. talking about our hearts! Ah, here is François with chocolate; I drink in that most innocent beverage to the success of your Arcadian dream. May your choice be as sweet as your chocolate!"

And so he ran on, and I reasoned with him no longer. A *quoi bon?* It was not worth the trouble. But am I so sure of the wisdom of my plans? I have seen her portrait; it is charming. Her parents are worthy people, and she is only fifteen; surely, at that age, she can have acquired no taint of the vices of the day; no taste for its artificial pleasures. She will yield to my superior experience. I will be so gentle with her; I will so truly make her feel the identity of our interests—but softly, she is not yet mine, she may never bear my name, for her wishes shall never be forced for me.

5th June.—Waited betimes on Madame de Vigny, for she had, I know, fixed on the 4th for her daughter's arrival in Paris, and I could not rest till I had seen her and learned my fate. There is a certain air of poverty about the apartments, in spite of the gentility of the lady's manners, which makes me fear that my fortune may be an acceptable prospect to the De Vignys, and I more than ever determine to ascertain for myself if the parents dictate to the poor girl her choice. After a brief apology for presenting myself so early in the day, "Is she arrived?" I asked, eagerly.

"Yes, indeed."

"And she was quite willing to come?"

"What a question! Gabrielle has never disobeyed her parents."

"But was she glad, happy, or did she weep?"

"Nay, I must admit she shed many tears; but what would you expect? She has been with the good nuns seven years, and she loves them dearly. She is so young she had never thought of changing her condition; and she is so timid too. There were girls there no older than herself who cast such looks of envy upon her as she bade them farewell! 'Ah, how happy you will be!' they exclaimed. 'Come and see us when you are a great lady, and tell us all about court when you are presented.' But my poor Gabrielle only kissed them, and wept without speaking. They were all still standing behind the *grille* when we drove away. But she is quite happy this morning; listen, is not that a merry song?"

She paused, and opened the window; from the little square garden beneath rose a sweet caroling like the matins of a bird. How my heart beat as I caught the vague outline of a female dress among the lilac-bushes!

"Ah, Madame, let me go down to her. I must see her. I can wait no longer now I have heard her voice."

"What are you thinking of, Baron? She has no proper attire; she still wears her poor little convent frock. I have already sent for the mantua-maker. In a few days she shall be presented to you; but to see her alone before marriage, at any rate before signing the contract—impossible: that is never done, Monsieur le Baron must be aware of it?"

"I am, dear Madame; but I am not bound by any of our absurd formalities myself, and I entreat you to set them aside in my favor. Good Heavens, Madame! what idea have you formed of your future son, that you are afraid to trust him to speak to your daughter?"

As I grew warm the lady was obviously embarrassed between her strong sense of the proprieties and her desire not to offend me. "I wish my husband were at home," she sighed.

"Listen, dear Madame; you must allow me to see mademoiselle, for I have vowed never to marry a girl who can not assure me that she voluntarily becomes my wife."

The lady looked still more uncomfortable. "She is so timid she would not dare to tell you so much."

"Well, at any rate you must let me try. Do you not see that I am only consulting her interest? You consent? I go then. I shall be almost in your presence in that arbor."

The lady fairly cried as she again muttered something about her poor attire; but I hastily left the room. The more she desired the match the more determined I became to ascertain if the daughter was averse to it; and a few seconds brought me into the garden. Gabrielle was standing under a lilac-tree—the sun glancing in checkered rays through the boughs upon her brilliant hair, her white throat, her simple dress. Ah, I see that dear little frock now—a white chintz strewed with rosebuds! Her face was bent down over a lily-of-the-valley she was smelling, but the profile was exquisite; the little hands which held the flower were so delicate! My haste received a sudden check; it was for me to feel timid, uncertain. What if that lovely flower were not for me? what if that sweet face were to turn away from me with aversion? All my thoughts were confused; words failed me. Now that I had seen her, how could I bear to risk a refusal? I had almost resolved to return to her mother, and beg her to plead my cause; but I could not stir—that girlish figure, that elegant *pose*, that beautiful head, enthralled me quite. Suddenly she turned round and perceived me; a crimson blush overspread her face and neck, and she was bounding away like a startled fawn, when I boldly caught her hand, and, gently detaining her, explained who I was, and that her mother had allowed me to visit her in the arbor.

Poor little thing! how frightened, how agitated she looked! For seven years she had seen no man but the old priest; and her dress fluttered visibly with the beating of her heart. My own taught me how to reassure her. I had determined to be as correct, as respectfully ceremonious as her mother's scruples could have desired; but with that darling, trembling child by my side, how could I? I seated her on a little bench, on which there was barely room for us two, and still retaining her hand, I said, simply,

"Gabrielle, your parents have allowed me to ask you to become my wife—did they speak to you on the subject?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And the thought grieves you?"

There was a pause: I could see that she dared not answer openly.

"Do not be afraid; you are entirely your own mistress; no one will control your inclinations; no one will even persuade you in the matter. I will never see you again if you tell me to go. If it does not make you unhappy I will remain with you a little while: may I?"

"Yes, Sir," she whispered.

"Then don't tremble so; have confidence in me, for I seek only to make you happy. Look at me, and tell me if I am so very formidable."

She raised her eyes as if from a habit of obedience, and dropped them again; then looked up again, voluntarily and steadily. The truthful, beautiful eyes! how I dived into their lustrous depths! That look sealed my fate. Gabrielle ceased to tremble. She said little, but she listened willingly; and before I quitted her side she had given me the lily-of-the-valley she had been smelling when I first saw her (I have it still). Ah! what a change had taken place in my sensations when I rejoined her mother! I actually embraced the good lady.

"Well?" she said.

"She is an angel. I have not deserved such happiness. And she will love me soon—I know she will. Ah, Madame, how can I thank you enough for such a treasure? And her dress is charming. Pray do not alter it; do not spoil her lovely simplicity; do not make her look ever so little like the ladies of the court."

The good mother was immensely relieved by my enthusiastic admiration, but she said her daughter *must* have the *trousseau* of a lady; and so I came home to my solitary house in a state of elysium.

8th June.—My suit prospers; each day my Gabrielle (mine!) grows more familiar, more charming; but I feel a sort of panic when I consider her extreme youth and inexperience. She has seen nothing, known nothing; she does not dislike me; but with whom could she compare me? Her mother takes her from house to house to pay the customary calls to her relatives before marriage; but I know too well how such visits are endured. A kiss on the forehead, with kind congratulations from the elders, a bow from the young cousins, the distribution of a little box of bonbons, which old and young chump with the same relish, and the ceremony is ended, without my timid little Gabrielle having raised her eyes.

I shudder sometimes as I think of the wretched marriages I have known, and fancy that perhaps the poor young bride was taken from her convent to the altar, ignorant and innocent as my betrothed, and that, when it was too late, her eyes were opened, and her affections engaged when her duty bound her to another, a stranger!

It was my wish to retire to my château of St. Vermont, and there to lead with her such a life as can not exist in this corrupt capital; but her mother, I see, expects her to be presented at court, and I myself feel scruples as to the kindness of selecting her lot for her ere she has experience to judge of it for herself.

"Yes, she must first see a little more of life, and here, *à propos*, arrives an invitation from the Vicomte's father, the Marquis de Grandchamps, to a fête champêtre at his superb house at St. Maur. He tells me I am to meet Madame de Vigny and her lovely daughter, in whose honor the fête is given. Ah! I have hardly patience to think of the old libertine carrying her about, and introducing her to his friends, male and female. Inconsistent that I am, is it not what I was just resolving was the juster course of the two?"

11th June.—The most lovely day favored the Marquis's fête, which was certainly a grand success. Madame de Vigny offered me a place in her coach; it is a most antiquated vehicle, and so heavy that her four fat Norman horses could barely drag it along at the rate of four miles an hour. But what mattered the slowness of their pace to me, with Gabrielle seated opposite to me, with her bright young face, listening to my account of every thing the journey suggested, particularly the donjon of Vincennes? Ah! I could not resist the temptation of making those large eyes dilate with terror as I related to her, as graphically as I could, some of the horrible adventures of prisoners immured forever within those walls.

"And are there prisoners there now?" she asked, looking sadly at the fortified walls.

"Yes, many."

"So you said when we passed the Bastile," she answered. "Two prisons in one drive, and on such a brilliant summer's day. The good God comfort the poor captives!"

I repented of the picturesqueness of my descriptions—alas! in no way exaggerated—when I found that I could not win another smile from her till we came suddenly at a turn of the road upon the Marne, winding here silvery bright in the sunshine, there blue and cool beneath the willows which overhang it. The grounds of the Marquis slope down to the water's edge, brilliant with gayly-painted kiosques and Chinese summer-houses. Poles supporting wreaths of flowers, festooned, marked the approach to the house; and almost ere we had passed the gates a group of would-be shepherdesses, attired in white and blue brocade, all looped up with roses, and with blue ribbons floating from their crooks, advanced to welcome us and conduct us to the master of the revels. They were his daughters. Three years ago they were as fresh, as girlish as my Gabrielle. Now their beauty is entirely obscured by artificial adornments; not a look is unsophisticated, not a gesture is natural.

The fête, as might be expected, was splendid, and very much Gabrielle seemed to enjoy it, except when her modesty suffered as she was brought too prominently forward to public notice. I think what pleased her most was a delightful concert, in which the Vicomte had performed to great perfection a selection from Piccini's "Dido."

"Ah!" said the old Marquis, observing her delight, "you young people find pleasure in all that wandering up and down, which, to me, is little better than tuning the instruments. If you had heard Lulli play the violin, so tender, so simple, yet so wonderful! It is my son who is wild after Piccini; he ordered the concert. He takes his part with such vehemence that he has written at least twenty satires against Glück; and at that famous battle at the Palais Royal he is believed to have knocked down about a dozen Glückites with the feather out of his hat, which was the only weapon he had at command."

"All which," I observed, "does not hinder Glück from being the greatest composer we have ever had, as I hope to prove to Mademoiselle de Vigny to-morrow at the representation of his 'Orfeo.'"

The old Marquis smiled. "I should have guessed you were a Glückite, always of the severe school. Ah! Mademoiselle, you must enliven your future husband; make him one of us. Do not allow him to frown down upon our innocent frivolity, like a Parisian Cato. Time is so short, why not improve it by gilding its wings, since we can not clip them, and crowning it with flowers, since we can not conceal its old bald head."

The Marquis then begged me to lead out Mademoiselle de Vigny for a minuet; but though her mother nodded approvingly at the proposal, Gabrielle herself grew pale with timidity. She dared neither refuse nor accept; and most gratefully she thanked me when I assured her that she was there only for her own pleasure, and need do nothing that was painful to herself.

On our return home, as the moon was at the full, Madame de Vigny had caused no footman to attend us with torches—the way, too, being so long; but the moon was often obscured by clouds, or concealed by the tops of the trees. In passing along the Bois de Vincennes we were for nearly half an hour in darkness. Madame slept profoundly. Never before had I had my betrothed so entirely to myself; and from low whispers of affection we sank into a silence more eloquent still of love. I took her hand, and it returned the pressure of mine; I could not see her face, but I drew her nearer—nearer to me—and on her forehead I imprinted the first kiss I had ever dared to take, half fearing the while lest she should resent it; but my lips still lingered on her brow when I felt her dear arms cast around me—her heart was beating against mine, her mouth sought mine. O joy! all that I felt for her she felt for me; it was no quiet acquiescence in an inevitable doom; her being had bounded forth to meet mine. Not a word was said, but from that moment I felt she was my wife. All scruples ceased; it mattered not where she went, or whom she saw, she was mine as voluntarily as I was hers.

12th June.—Conducted Gabrielle and her mother to the representation of "Orfeo." Ah! poor Gabrielle, how deeply she was moved—it was all real to her; her eyes never wandered a moment from the stage, and flashed with hope or filled with tears as the story changed; but when at last she saw Orpheus about to turn round, unable to bear the importunities of Eurydice, she clasped her hands passionately, and exclaimed aloud, "Why do you not trust him when he loves you so much!" Involuntarily Eurydice looked up to our box, and so did many others. Poor Gabrielle, covered with confusion, sat as far back as she could, and the crimson had not faded from her neck when De Grandchamps entered.

"I have come to felicitate you," he exclaimed. "What would I not give to believe once more in a play! I can only just remember the sensation, but it was very delightful. Now, you see, I'm only wondering whether Orpheus's G sharp will be true. Glück never before received such praise as yours. I had intended to ask you if you did not think it dreadfully heavy stuff; but when I saw your face, I knew it was useless to try and get any censure from you. You have espoused Delaunay's tastes before himself."

He spoke in a bantering way, as usual, but I could see that he was unusually charmed by the modest grace and beauty of Gabrielle; he looked at her continually, and chatted to her with so much fun, and such a candid confession of all badness, that she was soon very much entertained with him, and gave him some of those silvery peals of girlish laughter, which he told me were as melodious again as any air of Glück's. Returning home, I asked her how she liked De Grandchamps. "I think him very amusing: of course, I do not believe in all the wickedness he pretends to boast of. I suppose, on the contrary, he is very good."

"And why so?"

"He could not be so gay if he were guilty—remorse would poison his life. He could not make a jest of his sins."

Poor innocent Gabrielle! I thought, Is that all thy penetration? then art thou safer with a protector less guileless than thyself.

* * * * * * *

I have confided to Gabrielle my first design of living with her at St. Vermont, far from the gayeties and dissipations of Paris, devoting ourselves to the welfare of our poor neighbors, and trying to ameliorate their fate, which is lamentable enough when their lord resides in the capital, and all they know of him are his exactions. God will not always suffer this state of things; there are already signs of coming vengeance, and this war in America will kindle such a love of liberty here as will not be readily extinguished. Pray God it become not anarchy and brutal license!

Gabrielle received my proposal with an enthusiasm I had never before noticed in her. Her convent education seems to have fitted her specially for the life I have most at heart. Yes, she will move like a good angel among the poor, healing their bodily sicknesses with medicines and restoratives, and pouring into their moral wounds the wine and oil of her pure faith and touching sympathy. I told her I feared her mother would not be satisfied—her dreams for the future had been more ambitious.

"Nay," she answered, with her usual frankness, "mamma is too well pleased with our engagement to feel disappointed at any thing you propose, and papa would quite agree with your views of happiness."

Three days more, and she is mine! Ah! how can I ever make her sufficiently happy? the darling who has so willingly confided her young life to my care. Only three days!

St. Vermont, 24th June.—Mid-summer in all its bloom, and we here in the beautiful country to enjoy it. What peace, what serenity, after the excitement of our marriage! The checkered emotion of separation from Gabrielle's parents—the journey here—the enthusiastic reception of our good people! Gabrielle is delighted; she says it is a new world, much larger and grander than the Paris world of fashion, of which she merely took a peep.

She thanks God her lot is placed here. Sweet child! she came to me this morning early, her hands and dress laden with roses still gemmed with dew. "Come with me," she said; "I have gathered these for the altar of our kind Lord: it is the day of St. John: we will go to church together, and thank him—oh! for so much happiness!" and tears purer than the dew on the roses stood in her dark eyes, and a flush of joy more brilliant than their lovely color heightened the beauty of her girlish face. I could only look at her; my heart was too full for words: surely my cup of contentment runs over.

30th.—Our sweet retirement ends to-day. De Grandchamps joins us. He has not been well, he says, and begs us to give him a change of air and a little quiet. He is welcome, and we will nurse him well; but we are so happy I can not look upon any change with pleasure.

1st July.—Certainly the Vicomte is much altered, and my wife sees it as much as I do. I questioned him as to his dejection, but can not find that he has been playing deeper than usual, and I can think of no other loss that would affect him. A good dose of fresh air, he says, will set him up again. "Yes," I added, "if you do not die of *ennui* during the process."

3d.—Gabrielle looked sad to-day—perhaps I should rather say very serious—for the first time since our marriage. When we were alone at night, "Gabrielle," I said, "there is not to be the faintest cloud between us two: tell me what saddens you."

Her old timidity returned, and her color, which varies so perpetually, went and came. I saw she was struggling with her natural shyness, and I waited patiently, holding her hands in mine to encourage her with my love and tenderness.

"Monsieur de Grandchamps tells me you are so very learned, and I am so ignorant. He said—no, he did not say so, but he—at least I understood him to mean that you would soon be tired of me, that you cared for nothing but science, literature, and—and—all that I don't understand. I saw that he was much surprised that you should ever have thought of me, and so am I now I reflect upon it."

"Dear Gabrielle! thank you for telling me. But I had imagined De Grandchamps far too much of a flatterer for such a speech."

"Oh, he interlarded it with compliments, and said he preferred me as I am, but I did not heed all that, because I was struck with the truth of what he first said—that you were so learned, and I so ignorant."

"I am twelve years older than you, Gabrielle, and certainly not twelve years wiser. But I own to a great respect for learning, though not learned myself. Shall we study together? Here, in this quiet place, we shall have leisure for reading."

"Any thing with you."

4th.—Study with Gabrielle is not a brilliant success as yet; it is difficult to manage. Those stupid old nuns have left untaught the very first laws of every thing but embroidery and confectionery, and it is really puzzling to know where to begin, so that Gabrielle may understand me. But if I am obliged to own that my wife has no book-learning, I must say that every fresh test proves her more and more intelligent and really wise. She has always done the right thing with the most perfect grace, while I have been considering what was expected of me; but as for books, the poor child yawns; it can not be dissembled, she positively yawns.

I shall be glad when De Grandchamps returns to Paris. He seems quite well now, and is enjoying himself immensely. Strange that he should, so quiet as is our life. * * *

A box from Paris has quite restored my wife's gay smiles. I suppose because it was a remembrance of her mother; for the box seemed to contain nothing but old school-books, working materials, etc.

12th.—De Grandchamps gone to a friend a few leagues off. I am afraid I am wanting in hospitality, but I really was not sorry to see him ride off, though he may return a day hence.

14th.—What is the meaning of this? When I went to my wife's boudoir this morning—always as much mine as hers—I found the door locked; and when, after some delay, it was opened, her manner was confused, her face averted from mine. What does it mean? I had vowed to hear of, to practice, no concealment, and yet somehow I could not explain myself—could ask nothing about the hurried manner, the locked door.

15th.—I fancied, after our little discomfort of yesterday, that Gabrielle might be embarrassed, colder, perhaps, but she is not. I never saw her more gay, more playfully kind. And yet she has said nothing satisfactory; she has not even reproached me with not demanding the explanation we had agreed to have on every subject of difference, be it ever so slight. And yet she hides—Nonsense, her face is candor itself; she hides nothing. It was a chance, and she has attached no importance to it, has not thought of it again. But why lock the door when she heard me?

16th.—O misery! she conceals something. I saw her to-day hastily snatch some article from her work-basket and thrust it into her pocket. And yet she carries it off bravely! she is gay, and I—I am wretched—tormented with doubts. To-morrow I will know all—at any price I will—I know not why I am silent so long; is it fear?

17th.—I feigned to go out fishing this morning and returned almost immediately. I went straight up to Gabrielle's room, but as I approached the door I heard her step within fly across the room and hastily draw the bolt. All calm forsook me—

"Open the door, Gabrielle!"

"Yes, dear, in one moment."

"Instantly, Madame!"

The bolt was withdrawn immediately, and Gabrielle stood there with such a look of fearful perplexity in her large eyes; I had called her Madame!

"Why did you lock your door?" No answer.

"Why did you lock your door?" I repeated, more angrily. Still no answer.

Gabrielle could not prevaricate, but I saw that her frightened looks turned ever to the door of a large closet near the window.

"Give me the key of that closet."

She obeyed tremblingly, but as I put the key in the lock she rushed forward, and, with a look of most miserable confusion, put her little hands against the door.

"I pray you not to open it!"

For all answer I took both her hands in one of mine (they were such baby hands!), and with a jerk of successful rage burst open the door—as I did so, there came tumbling against me the figure of a large waxen doll! My rival—my skeleton in the closet! It had been sent in that box which had given her so much pleasure—her old convent doll—her playmate for many years! And I had been jealous of that doll, with which my poor little wife of fifteen played on the sly! As I beheld her round, vacant, rosy face, her staring glass eyes, my first impulse was a burst of laughter, quenched almost immediately in a feeling of such remorseful shame as I hope never to feel again. I had so erred against my most innocent wife that I was ashamed to ask her forgiveness; every attempt, even at apology, would be an insult to a spirit so pure—so incapable of a thought even of evil. What was I to do? A stifled sob from Gabrielle met my ear. I knelt down and asked her pardon with most sincere humiliation.

"Forgive you," she sobbed, "for what?—will *you* not despise *me* forever?"

Her guileless mind had not even understood my insane suspicions; she thought only of her detected childishness. Glad was I to avail myself of her innocence.

"I have been so rude to you, dearest; I have given you pain," I stammered out.

Ah! how much more ashamed was I of my jealousy than she could be of her doll, and how much more ridiculous was I! Dear, dear little Gabrielle!

* * * * * * *

1st December.—Gabrielle called me this morning to show me the waxen dolly carefully packed up in a box.

"Do you know for whom I am saving dear old waxy?" she asked, with a smile; a smile which has much, much more in it than the old sunbeam of the childish face six months back.

"And yet, Gabrielle," I answered, pointing to some Liliputian needle-work, "yet you are still making doll's clothes?"

"For all your learning you are only a goose!" was the reply.

Fancy Gabrielle laughing at me in the presence of that doll of which she has been so dreadfully ashamed. Certainly something or other has greatly raised her sense of self-importance.

WHITE ELEPHANTS.

WHEN the King of Siam has an enemy among his lords whom he detests, but whom it would not be polite to destroy publicly—one who must be dispatched without long delay, but whose poison must be sweetened, and for whom the edge of the axe must be gilded—he sends him a white elephant. Not that the gift is one of either profit or pleasure, for the brute must not be shot, nor given away, nor put to mean uses of hire or labor; he must not carry a howdah nor drag a plow, but must be cared for, and fed, and pampered, and adulated, and kept, like a tough-skinned Apis as he is, in the splendid idleness of a four-footed god. He must have his body-guard and his palace, his attendants and his flatterers; his huge feet may trample down crops and vineyards if it pleases him to walk that way; and his capacious trunk may draw up the last drop of water in the well for his morning bath, while human souls are perishing from drought. All is permitted to him, and he must be cared for and indulged first of all the world; for he is the white elephant of royal favoring, to be received with gratitude and maintained with cost. In the end, the cost is so great that the receiver is ruined and commits suicide—the white elephant having proved as efficacious for punishment as a bow-string or a bowl of poison. All the better, indeed, because the deadlier design was masked beneath the appearance of consummate favor.

Neither is the kingdom of Siam the only place where one receives white elephants, to the destruction of happiness and life; and that intelligent pachiderm, with his waving trunk and flapping ears, his caution, his cunning, and his "fidgetiness," is not the only form in which favors are received. Friends and fortune often play the part of Siamese royalty, and offer us gifts of honor quite as ruinous and inconvenient. What is it but a white elephant gift when your brother abroad sends you a huge case of foreign rarities, which you are by no means to part with to dealers or discriminating friends, but must house with reverence—first paying the cost of transit and custom-house dues? You are a poor man, with narrow boundary lines set against your orchard; your life's acre grows only just enough potatoes for your pigs and children, leaving no surplus borders for green-house flowers; nevertheless you are obliged to root up half a dozen rows of that useful, if vulgar esculent, to plant in their place geraniums and fuschias, which give neither swill for the swine nor bread for the children. You have to go without essentials for the next six months, that you may load your chimney-pieces with carved ivory baskets holding nothing, and squat deities in filigree silver, not always impeccable with regard to delicacy, and utterly wrong-sided with regard to beauty. And not one of which you would value a farthing, or would regret to see consigned to the dust-heap this very day. But your friends congratulate you on the generosity of your brother abroad; and the virtuosi among them envy you, or tempt you with fiendish offers of fabulous wealth, if you will part with your book of Japanese costumes, or your Ganesa in jade-stone, with Confucius in Chinese silver, or Isis in verdigrised bronze; offers of fabulous wealth impossible to be accepted, yet for the half of which you would transfer to them the whole consignment, satisfied if you could get back your original outlay at the custom-house, not to speak of the running account at the framemaker's and the decorator's, not yet brought to a stand-still. Your brother abroad did not think of all this. He meant only to do you honor, and to give you a white elephant that would exalt your fame far above that of your friends and neighbors.

Your father-in-law did the same when he presented you with a new carpet for your drawing-room, on the tenth anniversary of your wedding-day. It was a bran-new Brussels, all red and green and white and yellow; a gorgeous Brussels, worth four times as much as that modest moss-colored Kidderminster which you were ogling at Shoolbred's. It killed all the shabby furniture of ten years' standing, and reduced to instant and unutterable ruin what had formerly been nothing more than permissible decadence. It made your curtains and your furniture, your paint and your paper, your frames and your chandeliers, simply impossible; and you found yourself some eighty pounds the worse—your experience of a white elephant.

My dear wife had a white elephant given her, when her mother presented her with that magnificent brocaded silk, which was as stiff as a board and as bright as the sunlight. She could not forbear having it "made up," you know; that was absolutely necessary; but, of course, she would not have it "made up" by little Miss Twopenny, who did her common things well enough, but who was by no means equal to brocaded silk that would "stand by itself." She must go to Madame Grandechose, who had such a "fit" and such taste, and do dear mamma's present justice. So she went to Madame Grandechose; and Madame Grandechose undertook her brocade, and furthermore enlightened her on the contingent necessities of the situation—on the lace, and the flowers, and the feathers, and the thousand-and-one costly trimmings which must be added to do dear mamma's handsome present justice. My wife found, or rather I did for her, when the bill came in, that the trappings of her white elephant had cost more than our whole year's clothes of ordinary wear—that mamma's one brocade came to as much as her entire wardrobe, summer and winter included. Besides, as she very acutely argued, what was the good of a brocade like that if no one saw it? It was a pity to have spent so much money only to lay the brocade by in cedar shavings. As she had a white elephant, it was as well to parade it through the streets; as she had a brocaded silk dress with Madame Grandechose's taste superadded, it was a social duty to wear it. So we gave a few dinners and a few evening parties, and went out as often as we were asked that season; and by the end of it, I had overdrawn my banker's account several hundred pounds, and Johnny was taken from school and put to business a year and a half too soon. His mother's brocaded silk stunted my boy's career for life; which was paying rather dearly for a white elephant.

I once knew a man who had set his heart on a certain very personable white elephant of his acquaintance; an elephant of power and presence, on whose majestic back he thought he could rear a howdah of surpassing grandeur which would shelter his life from the fierce heats of summer and the chill blasts of winter alike, and carry him safely and nobly to his goal. He was a poor man, a man without friends or fortune, who aspired to be the husband of a nobleman's dowerless daughter, by whose grand connections he expected to rise to eminence in his profession, and whose powerful influence he thought would pull him through any difficulties that might beset him. That was his chart of calculation, his Mercator's Projection of the Universe of the future. Hers was the natural desire of the female elephant, whether white or black, for a home paddock and a gallant mate, for a troop of little baby elephants, with their trunks in the air and their knees deep in sweet vernal grass, and for the broad roof-tree, broad enough to shelter love and happiness and grandeur all together; so she responded to the call, and walked bravely through the gate of the paddock left open for her. But it did not answer. That paddock was too small for her ample creamy limbs; the roof-tree too narrow to harbor love and happiness and grandeur in a row; her baby elephants tossed up their trunks indeed, but it was in disdain at the coarse poor halm which barely covered their baby toes in place of the sweet vernal grass which should have grown above their knees; and when, in disgust at the poverty of the provisions offered, she broke down the paddock-gate and marched out into the open, she led her owner into a morass whence he never shook himself free until he crawled under the harrow of the Insolvent's Court, and emerged with scratches on his back that bled and festered always. His white elephant did for him what all white elephants do for their owners; and when the end of time came, he lay on the road of life a mangled wreck, with the print of an elephant's foot on his head.

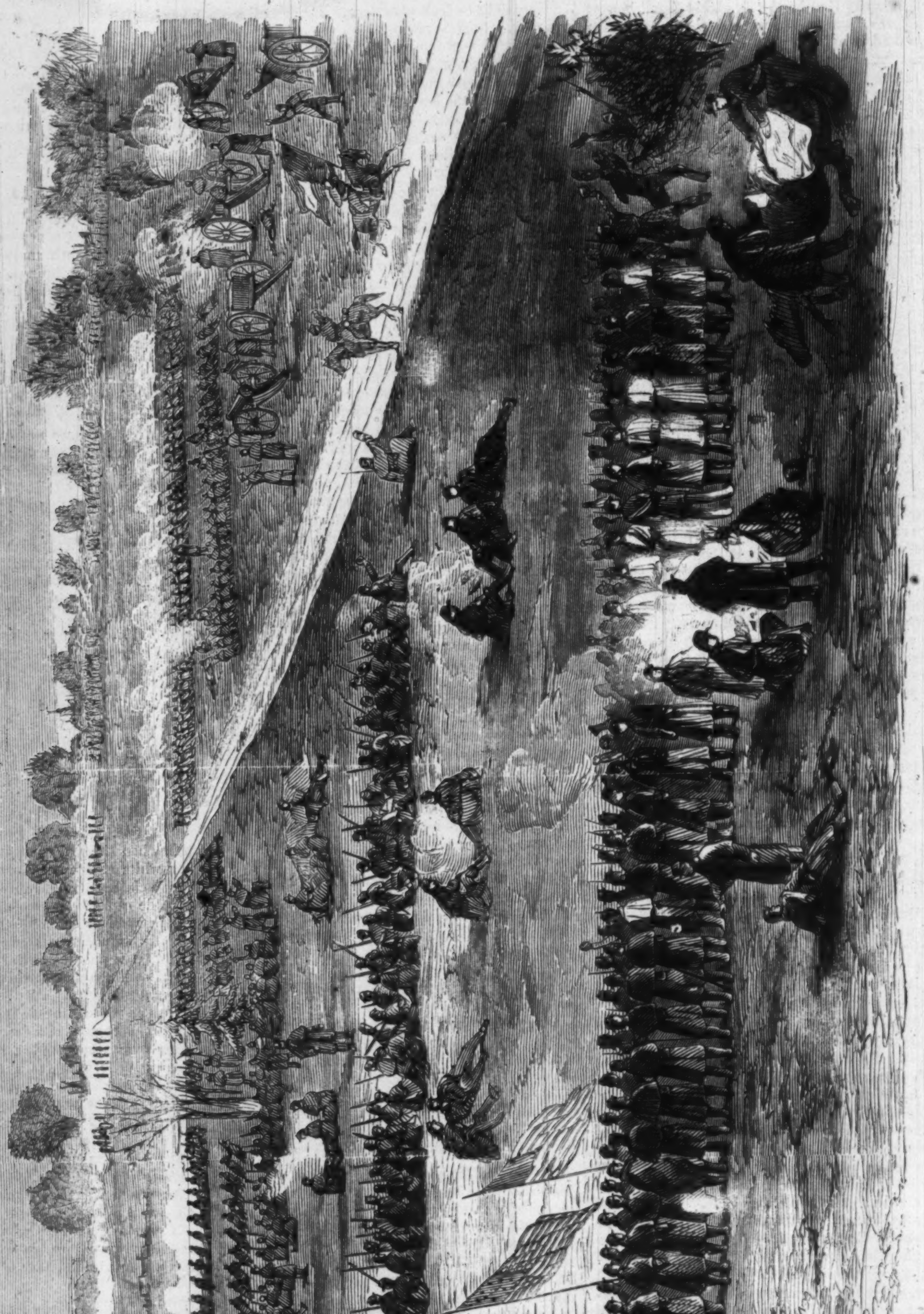
Another white elephant that I know of brought her own trappings and provision with her. She was a rich wife, with a dowry that would have satisfied the most exacting. Surely there was no ruin looming in the distance here! If a creature brings its own corn, may it not eat safely in your manger? If it supplies its own silk and satin, can you not stitch up its howdah without pricking your fingers to the bone? The fortunate possessor of this special white elephant brought her to his home which her gold had gilded, and led her into the park which her acorns had planted; and he gave her full permission to walk beneath her own avenues, and eat the topmost branches of her own seedlings; to strengthen her manger with golden plates if she liked, provided she hammered them herself out of the nuggets of her own gold mines. So she did. But she ate so ma[illegible] seedlings than her own acorns had planted, and she strengthened her manger with golden plates so outrageously thick, that in time she exhausted her supplies. Then she fed out of her owner's manger until she ate him up, body and bones. The wife was rich, but the woman was extravagant; and this special white elephant turned out in the end one of the most destructive of the tribe.

And among the biggest and whitest of the herd are and have been royal visits to favored noblemen. Very much flattered and honored was courtly Leicester when the high-starched ruff of the Leonine Virgin quivered beneath the lights of Kenilworth. Here was a white elephant whose sleek sides were worthy to be regarded and envied of all mankind! Here was a quadruped of strength, with dim forecastings of possible howdahs, and a swift and steady bearing to the highest point of the hill of fortune! But poor Leicester was no better off than the Siamese nobleman whom his king delights to favor left-handedly. His queen's grace was the white elephant of his life—mowing down irresistibly all the virtues and noblenesses of soul that might have borne goodly crops. If he had never been so gifted, he might have lived a happy man and have died an honest one, and the shade of poor pale Amy would not have haunted his waking hours, and crime and dishonor would not have howled from the depths of the troubled past. But he kow-towed to his white elephant, and fell down and worshiped it, and kissed the dust from its feet, and spread out the tender branches of love and honor in its way, and the big feet trampled them down step by step, and tossed them like refuse: and then he died, and he, too, was counted but as refuse among men. Essex did the same; but he crawled about the white elephant's feet with such abased hardihood, that at last he got kicked heavily out of the way, with his life torn right asunder, and the manhood trampled out of him. All for the sake of kow-towing to a queen, and bartering truth and life for a crowned old coquette's false smiles.

I remember how mightily I was enchanted and honored when my Lady Fairstar did me the unfathomable honor of asking me to dine at her splendid mansion in a glorified region of Belgravia! It seemed to me, then a poor struggling barrister on a mythical yearly allowance, that I was on the high-road to fortune at once, and that I had only to follow my Lady Fairstar's cavalcade to be landed safe in the very heart of the gardens of Aidann without delay. I went. I made no manner of doubt that I went to fascinate and to subdue, and that I should make such deep dints on the heart of our delightful hostess as not even the incessant rubbing of high life would be able to efface. And certainly my lady was gracious to me. But I found in the end that all I had made by the white elephant of her countenance was a portentous bill at my tailor's, another portentous bill at my boot-maker's, an unnecessary supply of embroidered shirt-fronts and French cambric handkerchiefs, and my laundress left unpaid owing to the transfer of her funds to the pockets of the cabmen. That was what I found when I took the two columns and added up the cost and the gain of my Lady Fairstar's Russian dinners, with scented ringlets laughingly shaken and bewildering smiles prodigally bestowed. It was a white elephant—nothing but a white elephant; and I ran away from it. Those grand visits are terrible matters generally. You are asked to a country-house. You are acknowledged to be a crack shot, and a first-rate rider; you tell a story capitally, and pocket every ball on the board; but at what a cost do you thus administer to the white elephant of your pride? At the cost of a year's income compressed into the six weeks of your stay. Butlers and footmen and pages and grooms and gillies and coachmen and the odd men about the place, and the odd women too—all to fee, all to pay—and the little wife left at home to fight with an unruly butcher who has undisciplined notions of trade, and to tell taradiddles to the landlord, who finds himself under the necessity of "looking you up." That is your white elephant when you get Lord Darkstar's invitation to his country seat in the hunting season.

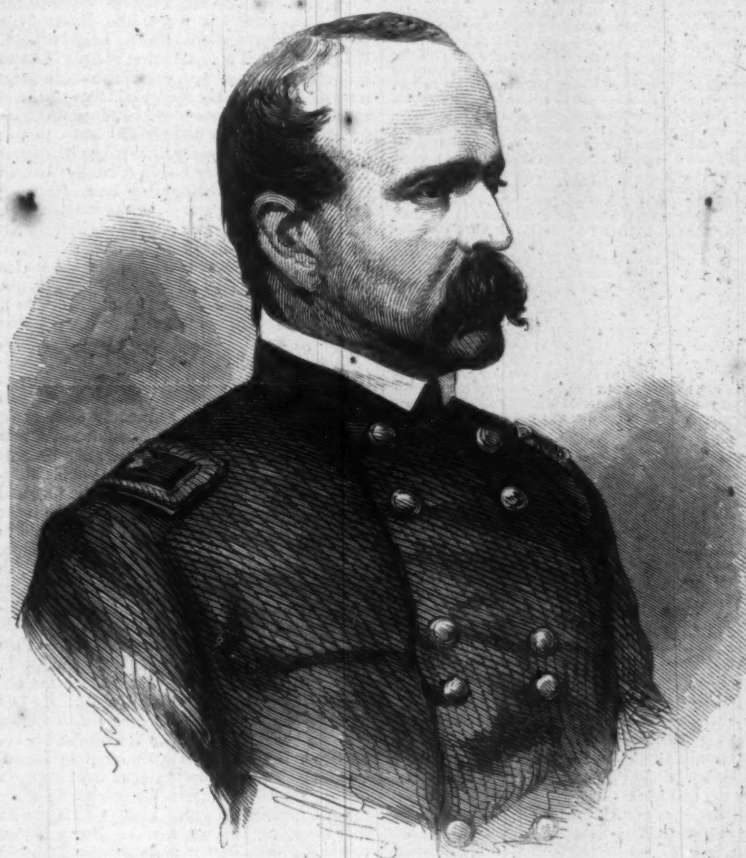
There are all sorts of white elephants in our path! big and little, wild and tamed, tushers and toothless, of all heights, of all weights, of all hues. A patent of nobility to a poor gentleman with a miniature rent-roll bound in duodecimo, is a white elephant of tremendous appetite; so is knighthood to the honest leather-dresser made mayor of the town by the inadvertence of fortune, who offers the keys of the ancient city to her Majesty, and receives them back with the label of Sir.

What is it but a white elephant when that artist friend of yours generously presents you with a proof before letters of his own engraving? You don't want his proof before letters; you have quite as many pictures on your walls and brackets, and nick-knacks and ornaments, as you care for, and you really can not afford a frame of sufficient quality to match the excellence of the engraving, according to your friend's arithmetic. Yet, it will not do to dishonor his white elephant. You must frame your engraving in gilded carving, and study which is the best light as religiously as you would study the Koran if you were a Mussulman, or the Shasters if you were a Brahmin. Your grandmother, in a blue sash and mushroom hat, is made to turn her back on your grandfather in a full bottomed periwig and snuff-colored coat, that your friend's proof may have the post of honor on the wall; your favorite Clyte is dismounted from the bracket that your friend's proof may not be overshadowed in the extreme left-hand corner just before sunset; and when you have done all this, you find that the new gilding makes the old look deplorably shabby, and that you must have your whole wall-decoration retouched, because of this new bright bit of gold-leaf. Is not this a white elephant? I often wish that there were no such thing as a white elephant, and that when people make presents or bestow honors, they would give what was useful, and not a great glaring magnificence which makes every thing else look mean. White elephants do not do in donkey stalls: which is a great fact too often overlooked.



THE BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO, TENNESSEE—CENTRE OF THE ARMY ON 2D JANUARY, 1863.—SKETCHED BY MR. HENRY R. HUBNER.—[SEE PAGE 103.]

MAJOR-GENERAL DARIUS N. COUCH, COMMANDING THE RIGHT GRAND DIVISION OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.



MAJOR-GENERAL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD, CHIEF OF STAFF TO GENERAL HOOKER.
[Photographed by Brady.]

GENERALS COUCH AND BUTTERFIELD.

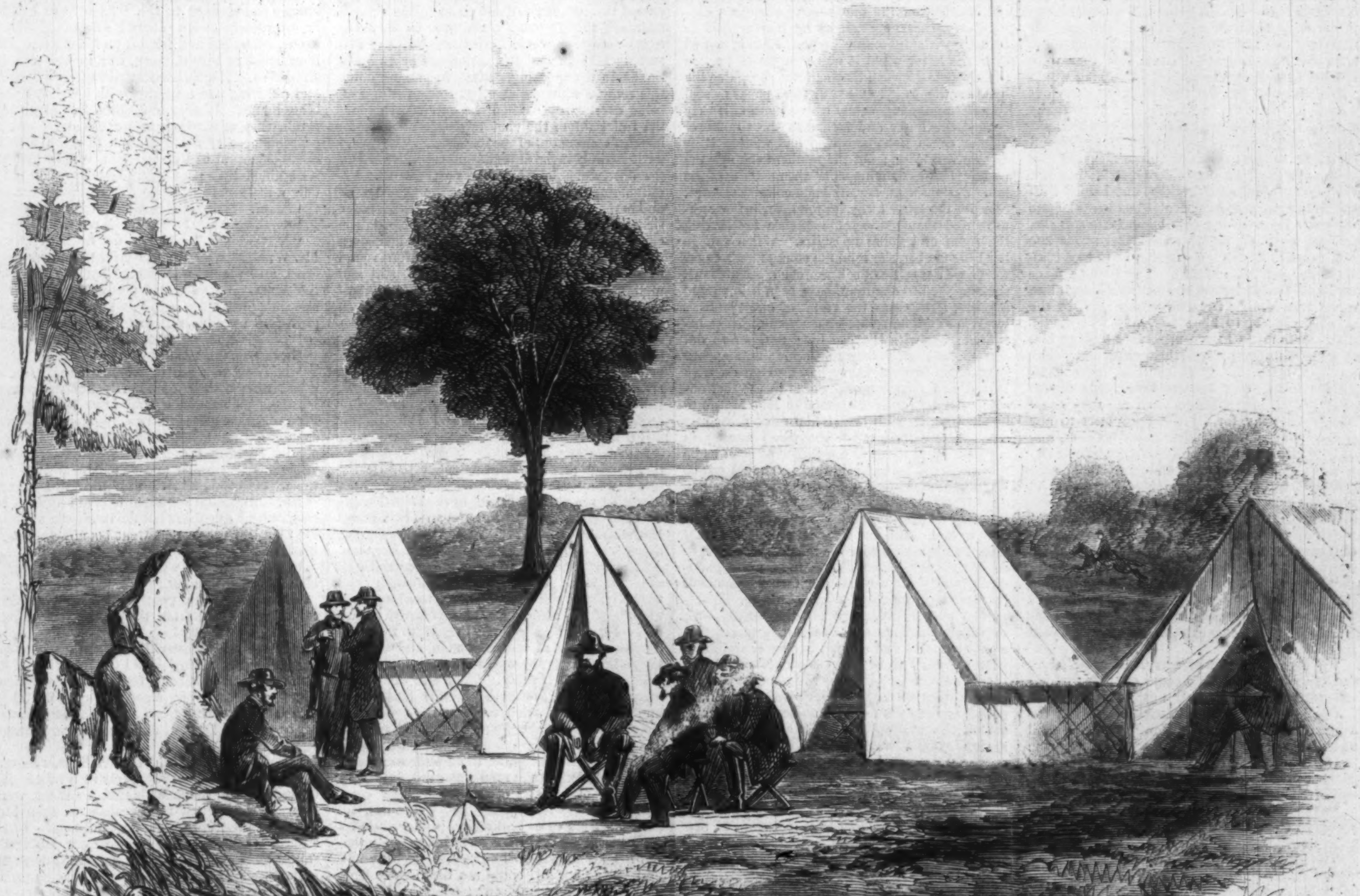
We publish herewith, from photographs by Brady, portraits of General Darius N. Couch, General Sumner's successor in command of the Right Grand Division of the Army of the Potomac, and of General Daniel Butterfield, Chief of Staff to General Hooker. Both are fine-looking military men, and will make themselves heard of. We subjoin the following sketches of their lives:

GENERAL COUCH.

General Darius N. Couch was born in New York about the year 1826, entered West Point in 1842, graduated in the artillery in 1846, and went with his regiment (the Second Artillery) to Mexico. At the battle of Buena Vista he was brevetted First Lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct. At the close of the war Lieutenant Couch resigned his rank in the army and settled in Massachusetts. At the outbreak of the rebellion he joined the Volunteers, and left Boston at the head of a well-appointed regiment. In May, 1861, he was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers. In all the battles on the Peninsula General Couch proved himself a gallant and able soldier; and when General Sumner resigned there was little hesitation in appointing him to the vacancy.

GENERAL BUTTERFIELD.

In the dark days of April, 1861, when the capital was in danger and the existence of the Government doubtful, one of the earliest, if not the first, to hasten to Washington with a tender of his services was Daniel Butterfield, commanding the Twelfth Regiment New York Militia. He found an attack momentarily expected, and an organization of visitors and citizens hastily formed, known as the Clay Guard, for the protection of the city from the hard-riding and hard-drinking cavaliers promised for its "subjugation" by "Wise the Witless." Colonel Butterfield enrolled himself at once, and many senators, judges, lawyers, and distinguished citizens who served as privates in the ranks of the Clay Guard on the memorable nights of the 17th and 18th of April will remember him in the young orderly-sergeant who drilled them, and watch his career with additional interest as a commander on a larger field. While engaged in this sacred duty Colonel Butterfield had obtained the permission of the Secretary of War to reorganize, fill up, and report his regiment at Washington on the 26th, prepared for duty. With this order Colonel Butterfield made his way through Baltimore, wet with the gore of Northern citizens shed by "plug uglydom" turned "secesh" in its mad frenzy, and over broken bridges and torn up tracks arrived in New York on Thursday night of the 20th, filled up his regiment (like most of our militia organizations then merely a skeleton) from some 350 to 1000 men, and left with them on Sunday afternoon in the *Baltic*, bound for Washington, by the way of Fortress Monroe, looking to a passage up the Potomac; and then, by information there obtained, to Annapolis.



GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON IN CAMP.—From a Drawing by Mr. Vizetelly, intercepted by our Blockading Fleet off Charleston.—[See Page 108.]

Assigned to the army corps of Patterson, the Twelfth saw their hopes of active service disappear in dreary marches and countermarches over the "sacred soil," while Bull Run was being fought and the vanity of the South in arms supplied with material for boasting. In Patterson's division General Butterfield (then Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twelfth United States Infantry by a recent appointment) commanded a brigade, and sought for permission to lead it into action. Soon afterward he received the full appointment of Brigadier in an unsolicited and gratifying manner. During the autumn and winter General Butterfield was profoundly occupied in drilling and disciplining his brigade and converting them into those "stolid mudsill veterans" so much deprecated by the South.

In the movement before Yorktown General Butterfield's brigade was constantly engaged, and generally in the advance. They made the first reconnoissance to Big Bethel and Harold's Mill, and were with Porter when he made his first approaches and attack on Yorktown. On the 11th of April a portion of the brigade repulsed a sortie of the enemy, receiving high encomiums from General Porter. At the battle of Hanover, on the first sound of firing General Butterfield left his sick-bed for the saddle, and fought admirably. Again at the battles of Mechanicsville and Gaines's Mills he won glory by his skill and bravery. The Prince de Joinville was so struck by his gallantry that he presented him with a horse in token of his regard. In the reorganized Army of the Potomac he commanded a division, which he has just relinquished to assume the responsible position of chief of General Hooker's staff—an extraordinary honor for a soldier who was not educated at West Point.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

By the Author of "Mary Barton," etc.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER VI.

At Easter—just when the heavens and earth were looking their dreariest, for Easter fell very early this year—Mr. Corbet came down. Mr. Wilkins was too busy to see much of him; they were together even less than usual, although not less friendly when they did meet. But to Ellinor the visit was one of unmixed happiness. Hitherto she had always had a little fear mingled up with her love of Mr. Corbet; but his manners were softened, his opinions less decided and abrupt, and his whole treatment of her showed such tenderness that the young girl basked and reveled in it. One or two of their conversations had reference to their future married life in London; and she then perceived, although it did not jar against her, that her lover had not forgotten his ambition in his love. He tried to inoculate her with something of his own craving for success in life; but it was all in vain: she nestled to him and told him she did not care to be the Lord Chancellor's wife—wigs and woolsacks were not in her line; only if he wished it, she would wish it.

The last two days of his stay the weather changed. Sudden heat burst forth, as it does occasionally for a few hours even in our chilly English spring. The gray-brown bushes and trees started almost with visible progress into the tender green shade which is the forerunner of the bursting leaves. The sky was of full cloudless blue. Mr. Wilkins was to come home pretty early from the office to ride out with his daughter and her lover; but after waiting some time for him, it grew too late, and they were obliged to give up the project. Nothing would serve Ellinor, then, but that she must carry out a table and have tea in the garden, on the sunny side of the tree, among the roots of which she used to play when a child. Miss Monro objected a little to this caprice of Ellinor's, saying that it was too early for out-of-door meals; but Mr. Corbet overruled all objections, and helped Ellinor in her gay preparations. She always kept to the early hours of her childhood, although she, as then, regularly sat with her father at his late dinner, and this meal, al-fresco, was to be a reality to her and Miss Monro. There was a place arranged for her father, and she seized upon him as he was coming from the stable-yard, by the shrubbery path, to his study, and with merry playfulness made him a prisoner, accusing him of disappointing them of their ride, and drawing him, more than half unwilling, to his chair by the table. But he was silent, and almost sad; his presence damped them all, they could hardly tell why, for he did not object to any thing, though he seemed to enjoy nothing, and only to force a smile at Ellinor's occasional sallies. These became more and more rare, as she perceived her father's depression. She watched him anxiously. He perceived it, and said—shivering in that strange unaccountable manner which is popularly explained by the expression that some one is passing over the earth that will one day form your grave—

"Ellinor! this is not a day for out-of-door tea. I never felt so chilly a spot in my life. I can not keep from shaking where I sit. I must leave this place, my dear, in spite of all your good tea."

"Oh, papa! I am so sorry. But look how full that hot sun's rays come on this turf. I thought I had chosen such a capital spot!"

But he got up and persisted in leaving the table, although he was evidently sorry to spoil the little party. He walked up and down the gravel walk, close by them, talking to them as he kept passing by, and trying to cheer them up.

"Are you warmer now, papa?" asked Ellinor.

"Oh yes! all right. It is only that place that seems so chilly and damp. I am as warm as a toast now."

The next morning Mr. Corbet left them. The unseasonably fine weather passed away too, and all things went back to their rather gray and dreary aspect; but Ellinor was too happy to feel this much, knowing what absent love existed for her alone, and from this knowledge unconsciously trusting in the sun behind the clouds.

I have said that few or none in the immediate neighborhood of Hamley, besides their own household and Mr. Ness, knew of Ellinor's engagement. At one of the rare dinner-parties to which she accompanied her father—it was at the old lady's house who chaperoned her to the assemblies—she was taken into dinner by a young clergyman staying in the neighborhood. He had just had a small living given to him in his own county, and he felt as if this was a great step in his life. He was good, innocent, and rather boyish in appearance. Ellinor was happy and at her ease, and chatted away to this Mr. Livingstone on many little points of interest which they found they had in common; church music, and the difficulty they had of getting people to sing in parts; Salisbury Cathedral, which they had both seen; styles of church architecture, Ruskin's works, and parish schools, in which Mr. Livingstone was somewhat shocked to find that Ellinor took no great interest. When the gentlemen came in from the dining-room it struck Ellinor, for the first time in her life, that her father had taken more wine than was good for him. Indeed, this had rather become a habit with him of late; but as he always tried to go quietly off to his own room when such had been the case, his daughter had never been made aware of it before, and the perception of it now made her cheeks hot with shame. She thought that every one must be as conscious of his altered manner and way of speaking as she was, and after a pause of sick silence, during which she could not say a word, she set to and talked to Mr. Livingstone about parish schools, any thing, with redoubled vigor and apparent interest, in order to keep one or two of the company, at least, from noticing what was to her so painfully obvious.

The effect of her behavior was far more than she had intended. She kept Mr. Livingstone, it is true, from observing her father; but she also riveted his attention on herself. He had thought her very pretty and agreeable during dinner; but after dinner he considered her bewitching, irresistible. He dreamed of her all night, and wakened up the next morning to a calculation of how far his income would allow him to furnish his pretty new parsonage with that crowning blessing, a wife. For a day or two he did up little sums, and sighed, and thought of Ellinor, her face listening with admiring interest to his sermons, her arm passed into his as they went together round the parish, her sweet voice instructing classes in his schools—turn where he would, in his imagination Ellinor's presence rose up before him.

The consequence was that he wrote an offer, which he found a far more perplexing piece of composition than a sermon; a real hearty expression of love, going on, over all obstacles, to a straightforward explanation of his present prospects and future hopes, and winding up with the information that on the succeeding morning he would call to know whether he might speak to Mr. Wilkins on the subject of this letter. It was given to Ellinor in the evening, as she was sitting with Miss Monro in the library. Mr. Wilkins was dining out, she hardly knew where, as it was a sudden engagement, of which he had sent word from the office—a gentleman's dinner-party, she supposed, as he had dressed in Hamley without coming home. Ellinor turned over the letter when it was brought to her, as some people do when they can not recognize the handwriting, as if to discover from paper or seal what two moments would assure them of if they opened the letter and looked at the signature. Ellinor could not guess who had written it by any outward sign; but the moment she saw the name "Herbert Livingstone" the meaning of the letter flashed upon her, and she colored all over. She put the letter away, unread, for a few minutes, and then made some excuse for leaving the room and going up stairs. When safe in her bedchamber, she read the young man's eager words with a sense of self-reproach. How must she, engaged to one man, have been behaving to another, if this was the result of one evening's interview? The self-reproach was unjustly bestowed; but with that we have nothing to do. She made herself very miserable; and at last went down, with a heavy heart, to go on with Dante, and rummage up words in the dictionary. All the time she seemed to Miss Monro to be plodding on with her Italian more diligently and sedately than usual she was planning in her own mind to go to her father as soon as he returned (and he had said that he should not be late), and beg him to undo the mischief she had done by seeing Mr. Livingstone the next morning, and frankly explaining the real state of affairs to him. But she wanted to read her letter again, and think it all over in peace; and so, at an early hour, she wished Miss Monro goodnight, and went up into her own room above the drawing-room, and overlooking the flower-garden and shrubbery-path to the stable-yard, by which her father was sure to return. She went up stairs and studied her letter well, and tried to recall all her speeches and conduct on that miserable evening—as she thought it then, not knowing what true misery was. Her head ached, and she put out the candle, and went and sat on the window-seat, looking out into the moonlit garden, watching for her father. She opened the window, partly to cool her forehead, partly to enable her to call down softly when she should see him coming along. By-and-by the door from the stable-yard into the shrubbery clicked and opened, and in a moment she saw Mr. Wilkins moving through the bushes, but not alone: Mr. Dunster was with him, and the two were talking together in rather excited tones, immediately lost to hearing, however, as they entered Mr. Wilkins's study by the outer door.

"They have been dining together somewhere. Probably at Mr. Hanbury's" (the Hamley brewer), thought Ellinor. "But how provoking that he should have come home with papa this night of all nights!"

Two or three times before Mr. Dunster had called on Mr. Wilkins in the evening, as Ellinor knew; but she was not quite aware of the reason for such late visits, and had never put together the two facts (as cause and consequence) that on such occasions her father had been absent from the office all day, and that there might be necessary business for him to transact, the urgency of which was the motive for Mr. Dunster's visits. Mr. Wilkins always seemed to be annoyed by his coming at so late an hour, and spoke of it, resenting the intrusion upon his leisure; and Ellinor, without consideration, adopted her father's mode of speaking and thinking on the subject, and was rather more angry than he was whenever the obnoxious partner came on business in the evening. This night was of all nights the most ill-purposed time (so Ellinor thought) for a tête-à-tête with her father. However, there was no doubt in her mind as to what she had to do. So late as it was, the unwelcome visitor could not stop long; and then she would go down and have her little confidence with her father, and beg him to see Mr. Livingstone when he came the next morning, and dismiss him as gently as might be.

She sat on in the window-seat, dreaming waking dreams of future happiness. She kept losing herself in such thoughts, and became almost afraid of forgetting why she sat there. Presently she felt cold and got up to fetch a shawl, in which she muffled herself and resumed her place. It seemed to her growing very late; the moonlight was coming fuller and fuller into the garden, and the blackness of the shadow was more concentrated and stronger. Surely Mr. Dunster could not have gone away along the dark shrubbery-path so noiselessly but what she must have heard him? No! there was the swell of voices coming up through the window from her father's study: angry voices they were; and her anger rose sympathetically, as she knew that her father was being irritated. There was a sudden movement, as of chairs pushed hastily aside, and then a mysterious, unaccountable noise, heavy, sudden; and then a slight movement as of chairs again; and then a profound stillness. Ellinor leaned her head against the side of the window, to listen more intently, for some mysterious instinct made her sick and faint. No sound—no noise. Only by-and-by she heard, what we have all heard at such times of intent listening, the beating of the pulses of her heart, and then the whirling rush of blood through her head. How long did this last? She never knew. By-and-by she heard her father's hurried footstep in his bedroom, next to hers; but when she ran thither to speak to him, and ask him what was amiss—if any thing had been—if she might come to him now about Mr. Livingstone's letter, she found that he had gone down again to his study, and almost at the same moment she heard the little private outer-door of that room open; some one went out, and then there were hurried footsteps along the shrubbery path. She thought, of course, that it was Mr. Dunster leaving the house, and went back for Mr. Livingstone's letter. Having found it, she passed through her father's room to the private staircase, thinking that if she went by the more regular way she would have run the risk of disturbing Miss Monro, and perhaps of being questioned in the morning. Even in passing down this remote staircase she trod softly for fear of being overheard. When she entered the room the full light of the candles dazzled her for an instant, coming out of the darkness. They were flaring wildly in the draught that came in through the open door, by which the outer air was admitted; for a moment there seemed to be no one in the room; and then she saw, with strange sick horror, the legs of some one lying on the carpet behind the table. As if compelled, even while she shrank from doing it, she went round to see who it was that lay there, so still and motionless as never to stir at her sudden coming. It was Mr. Dunster; his head propped on chair-cushions, his eyes open, staring, distended. There was a strong smell of brandy and hartshorn in the room; a smell so powerful as not to be neutralized by the free current of night air that blew through the two open doors. Ellinor could not have told if it was reason or instinct that made her act as she did during this awful night. In thinking of it afterward, with shuddering avoidance of the haunting memory that would come and overshadow her during many, many years of her life, she grew to believe that the powerful smell of the spilled brandy absolutely intoxicated her—an unconscious Rechabite in practice. But something gave her a presence of mind and a courage not her own. And though she learned to think afterward that she had acted unwisely, if not wrongly and wickedly, yet she marveled, in recalling that time, how she could have then behaved as she did. First of all she lifted herself up from her fascinated gaze at the dead man and went to the staircase door, by which she had entered the study, and shut it softly. Then she went back—looked again; took the brandy bottle, and knelt down, and tried to pour some into the mouth; but this she found she could not do. Then she wetted her handkerchief with the spirit and moistened the lips, all to no purpose; for as I have said before the man was dead—killed by a rupture of a vessel of the brain; how occasioned, I must tell by-and-by. Of course, all Ellinor's little cares and efforts produced no effect; her father had tried them before—vain endeavors all to bring back the precious breath of life! The poor girl could not bear the look of those open eyes, and softly, tenderly, tried to close them, although unconscious that in so doing, she was rendering the pious offices of some beloved hand to a dead man. She was sitting by the body on the floor when she heard steps coming, with rushing and yet cautious tread, through the shrubbery; she had no fear, although it might be the tread of robbers and murderers. The awfulness of the hour raised her above common fears; though she did not go through the usual process of reasoning, and by it feel assured that the feet which were coming, so softly and swiftly along, were the same which she had heard leaving the room in like manner only a quarter of an hour before.

Her father entered, and started back, almost upsetting some one behind him by his recoil, on seeing his daughter in her motionless attitude by the dead man.

"My God, Ellinor! what has brought you here?" he said, almost fiercely.

But she answered, as one stupefied:

"I don't know. Is he dead?"

"Hush, hush, child; it can not be helped."

She raised her eyes to the solemn, pitying, awe-stricken face behind her father's—the countenance of Dixon.

"Is he dead?" she asked of him.

The man stepped forward, respectfully pushing his master on one side as he did so. He bent down over the corpse, and looked, and listened, and then, reaching a candle off the table, he signed Mr. Wilkins to close the door. And Mr. Wilkins obeyed, and looked with an intensity of eagerness almost amounting to faintness on the experiment, and yet he could not hope. The flame was steady—steady and pitilessly unstirred, even when it was adjusted close to mouth and nostril; the head was raised up by one of Dixon's stalwart arms, while he held the candle in the other hand. Ellinor fancied that there was some trembling on Dixon's part, and grasped his wrist tightly in order to give it the requisite motionless firmness.

All in vain. The head was placed again on the cushions, the servant rose and stood by his master, looking sadly on the dead man, whom, living, none of them had liked or cared for, and Ellinor sat on, quiet and tearless, as one in a trance.

"How was it, father?" at length she asked.

He would fain have had her ignorant of all, but so questioned by her lips, so adjured by her eyes, in the very presence of death, he could not choose but speak the truth; he spoke it in convulsive gasps, each sentence an effort:

"He taunted me—he was insolent, beyond my patience—I could not bear it. I struck him—I can't tell how it was. He must have hit his head in falling. Oh, my God! one little hour ago I was innocent of this man's blood!" He covered his face with his hands.

Ellinor took the candle again; kneeling behind Mr. Dunster's head, she tried the futile experiment once more.

"Could not a doctor do some good?" she asked of Dixon, in a low, hopeless voice.

"No!" said he, shaking his head, and looking with a sidelong glance at his master, who seemed to shrivel up and to shrink away at the bare suggestion. "Doctors can do naught, I'm afeared. All that a doctor could do, I take it, would be to open a vein, and that I could do along with the best of them, if I had but my fleam here." He fumbled in his pockets as he spoke, and, as chance would have it, the "fleam" (or cattle-lancet) was somewhere about his dress. He drew it out, smoothed and tried it on his finger. Ellinor tried to bare the arm, but turned sick as she did so. Her father started eagerly forward, and did what was necessary with hurried, trembling hands. If they had cared less about the result, they might have been more afraid of the consequences of the operation in the hands of one so ignorant as Dixon. But, vein or artery, it signified little; no living blood gushed out; only a little watery moisture followed the cut of the fleam. They laid him back on his strange, sad death-couch. Dixon spoke next.

"Master Ned," said he—for he had known Mr. Wilkins in his days of bright, careless boyhood, and almost was carried back to them by the sense of charge and protection which the servant's presence of mind and sharpened senses gave him over his master on this dreary night—"Master Ned, we must do summut."

No one spoke. What was to be done?

"Did any folk see him come here?" Dixon asked, after a time. Ellinor looked up to hear her father's answer, a wild hope coming into her mind that all might be concealed somehow; she did not know how, nor did she think of any consequences save of saving her father from the vague dread trouble and punishment that she was aware would await him if all were known.

Mr. Wilkins did not seem to hear; in fact, he did not hear any thing but the unspoken echo of his own last words that went booming through his heart:

"An hour ago I was innocent of this man's blood! Only an hour ago!"

Dixon got up and poured out half a tumbler-ful of raw spirit from the brandy-bottle that stood on the table.

"Drink this, Master Ned," putting it to his master's lips. "Nay"—to Ellinor—"it will do him no harm; only bring back his senses, which, poor gentleman! are scared away. We shall need all our wits. Now, Sir, please to answer my question. Did any one see Measter Dunster come here?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Wilkins, recovering his speech. "It all seems in a mist. He offered to walk home with me; I did not want him. I was almost rude to him to keep him off. I did not want to talk of business. I had taken too much wine to be very clear, and some things at the office were not quite in order, and he had found it out. If any one heard our conversation they must know I did not want him to come with me. Oh! why would he come? He was as obstinate—he would come—and here it has been his death!"

"Well, Sir, what's done can't be undone, and I'm sure we'd any of us bring him back to life if we could, even by cutting off our hands, though he was a mighty plaguy chap while he'd breath in him. But what I'm thinking is this: it will,

maybe, go awkward with you, Sir, if he is found here. One can't say. But don't you think, miss, that, as he's neither kith nor kin to miss him, we might just bury him away before morning somewhere? There's better nor four hours of dark. I wish we could put him in the churchyard, but that can't be; but to my mind the sooner we set about digging a place for him to lie in, poor fellow! the better it will be for us all in the end. I can pare a piece of turf up where it will never be missed, and if master will take one spade, and I another, why, we'll lay him softly down, and cover him up, and no one will be the wiser."

There was no reply from either for a minute or so. Then Mr. Wilkins said:

"If my father could have known of my living to this! Why, they will try me as a criminal; and you, Ellinor! Dixon, you are right. We must conceal it, or I must cut my throat, for I never could live through it. One minute of passion, and my life blasted!"

"Come along, Sir," said Dixon; "there's no time to lose." And they went out in search of tools—Ellinor following them, shivering all over, but begging that she might be with them, and not have to remain in the study with—

She would not be bidden into her own room; she dreaded inaction and solitude. She made herself busy with carrying heavy baskets of turf, and straining her strength to the utmost; fetching all that was wanted, with soft swift steps.

Once, as she passed near the open study door, she thought that she heard a rustling, and a flash of hope came across her. Could he be reviving? She entered, but a moment was enough to undeceive her; it had only been a night rustle among the trees. Of hope, life, there was none.

They dug the hole deep and well, working with fierce energy to quench thought and remorse. Once or twice her father asked for brandy, which Ellinor, reassured by the apparently good effect of the first dose, brought to him without a word; and once, at her father's suggestion, she brought food, such as she could find in the dining-room without disturbing the household, for Dixon.

When all was ready for the reception of the body in its unblessed grave, Mr. Wilkins bade Ellinor go up to her room, she had done all she could to help them; the rest must be done by them alone. She felt that it must; and indeed both her nerves and her bodily strength were giving way. She would have kissed her father as he sat wearily at the head of the grave—Dixon had gone in to make some arrangement for carrying the corpse—but he pushed her away quietly but resolutely:

"No, Nelly, you must never kiss me again; I am a murderer."

"But I will, my own darling papa," said she, throwing her arms passionately round his neck, and covering his face with kisses. "I love you, and I don't care what you are, if you were twenty times a murderer, which you are not; I am sure it was only an accident."

"Go in, my child, go in, and try to get some rest. But go in, for we must finish—as fast as we can. The moon is down; it will soon be daylight. What a blessing there are no rooms on one side of the house. Go, Nelly." And she went; straining herself up to move noiselessly, with eyes averted, through the room which she shuddered at as the place of hasty and unhallowed death.

Once in her own room, she bolted the door on the inside, and then stole to the window, as if some fascination impelled her to watch all the proceedings to the end. But her aching eyes could hardly penetrate through the thick darkness which, at the time of the year of which I am speaking, so closely precedes the dawn. She could discern the tops of the trees against the sky, and could single out the well-known one, at a little distance from the stem of which the grave was made, in the very piece of turf over which so lately she and Ralph had had their merry little tea-making; and where her father, as she now remembered, had shuddered and shivered as if the ground on which his seat had then been placed was fateful and ominous to him.

Those below moved softly and quietly in all they did; but every sound had a significant and terrible interpretation to Ellinor's ears. Before they had ended the little birds had begun to pipe out their gay réveillé to the dawn. Then doors closed, and all was profoundly still.

Ellinor threw herself, in her clothes, on the bed; and was thankful for the intense, weary, physical pain which took off something of the anguish of thought, anguish that she fancied from time to time was leading to insanity.

By-and-by the morning cold made her instinctively creep between the blankets, and, once there, she fell into a dead, heavy sleep.

A SOLDIER'S VALENTINE.

JUST from the sentry's tramp
 (I must take it again at ten),
I have laid my musket down,
 And seized instead my pen;
For, pacing my lonely round
 In the chilly twilight gray,
The thought, dear Mary, came
 That this is St. Valentine's Day.

And with the thought there came
 A glimpse of the happy time,
When a school-boy's first attempt
 I sent you, in borrowed rhyme,
On a gilt-edged sheet, embossed
 With many a quaint design,
And signed, in school-boy hand,
 "Your loving Valentine."

The years have come and gone—
 Have flown I know not where—
And the school-boy's merry face
 Is grave with manhood's care;
But the heart of the man still beats
 At the well-remembered name,
And on this St. Valentine's Day
 His choice is still the same.

There was a time—ah! well:
 Think not that I repine—
When I dreamed this happy day
 Would smile on you as mine;
But I heard my country's call;
 I knew her need was sore:
Thank God, no selfish thought
 Withheld me from the war.

But when the dear old Flag
 Shall float in its ancient pride—
When the twain shall be made one,
 And feuds no more divide—
I will lay my musket down,
 My martial garb resign,
And turn my joyous feet
 Toward home and Valentine.

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